

VETERAN REUNION

—OF THE—

Third Ga. Regiment,

—FORMERLY OF—

Wright's (afterwards) Soffel's Brigade, Mahone's
Division, Third (A. P. Hill's) Corps,
Army of Northern Virginia of
the Confederate States,

AT UNION POINT, GEORGIA,

July 30th and 31st, 1874.

SAVANNAH:
S. J. M. BAKER, PRINTER.
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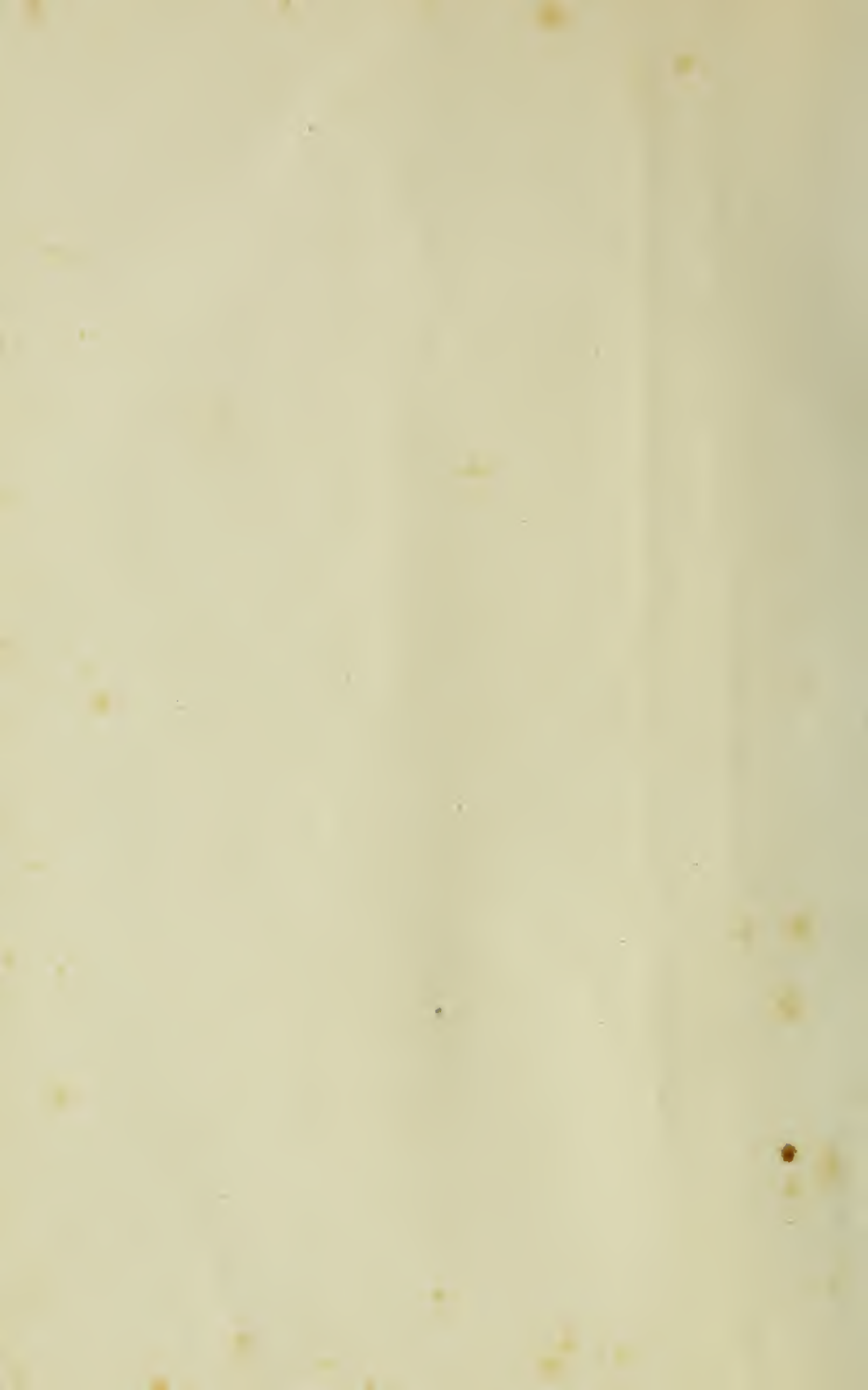
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P R E F A C E .

In submitting to his old comrades and the public this record of the Reunion of the surviving veterans of the Third Georgia Regiment of Infantry—a regiment that bore so prominent and distinguished a part on the tented field in the struggle for the independence of the Confederate States—the undersigned believes it has been made his duty to contribute an important and interesting page to the full history of those stirring times.

Valuable aid has been received from the very excellent newspaper reports made at the time of the memorable affair, and ready assistance has been rendered by every surviving member of the old Third, and of the old brigade as well, who has been approached; and for all this the amplest acknowledgements are offered.

Bespeaking what he knows he will receive—kindly indulgence for any inaccuracies that have escaped the compiler's inexperienced eye—he lays down his pen with a sigh as the task closes over which he has lingered with many tender memories, and wishing long life and happiness to all the gallant friends who were left by war's vicissitudes to enjoy our late Reunion, indulges the hope that so pleasant an occasion may be vouchsafed to us all again.

A. A. WINN, Secretary.

SAVANNAH, GA., JAN., 1875,



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ORIGIN OF THE REUNION.

[Extract from a private letter from "Commodore" G. N. Dexter, formerly Quartermaster Sergeant of the Regiment.

MADISON, GA., Nov. 8th, 1874.

Capt. A. A. WINN :

My Dear Friend :—Your favor of the 2d inst. just at hand. Having been absent this week at the Fair at Union Point, I did not receive it as soon as it reached Madison.

In relation to the date of the first call to take the subject of a Reunion of the Veterans of the Old Third into consideration, I will state that it had impressed my mind for the past three years that nothing could afford greater pleasure to the survivors of our old regiment than to meet at some suitable time and place and clasp each other's hands again, renew old acquaintance, talk over the struggles we together had to pass through, our days of suffering and danger in the camp and on the battle field. I hesitated from time to time, in doubt as to what would be the result of such a move, surrounded as we were by political confusion, and questioning if radicalism, negro-rule, military despotism and the many other evils of the times might not combine to favor and propagate to the injury of our people and section a misconception of the motive we would have in view. And hence, I delayed making any special mention of it until the first of May last; but on that day I consulted with ten or twelve of old Company D, and found the suggestion met the approval of all. Consequently, I had a call published for a meeting of all the survivors of Company D, to take place on the 16th day of May, 1874.

Thus the ball was put in motion, and it rolled on and on by the assistance of yourself and all others favorable to the movement until it was crowned with the grandest success that has marked a Southern

gathering since the war. Others since then have met and enjoyed the pleasures of a reunion, but in so far as I have seen or read, none to my mind has been equal to the old Third Georgia's, at Union Point. As ours was first, it stands foremost; and with pleasure, as long as I shall live, will I remember those two days. How I delight to dwell upon them! May they ever be fresh in my mind! I love the spot, and the three days I spent on the same ground enjoying the hospitalities of the good people of Union Point, at their County Fair, were doubly delightful from the happy and cherished associations that now cluster at that place. The ladies (God bless them!) they looked just as sweet as ever; the citizens, all were just as warm-hearted and as anxious to make one of the old Third at home; and mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters, would all be glad, they say, if we would call on them again next year. I must confess, that in all my travels, I never have met a more unanimously hospitable, social, clever community; it can't be beat..

With best wishes for your success, I am

Truly yours,

G. N. DEXTER.

FIRST CALL.

ATTENTION, HOME GUARDS!

COMPANY D, 3D GEORGIA REGIMENT!

You are hereby requested to attend a meeting of the Company to be held at the Court House, in Madison, on Saturday, May 16th, 1874.

COME ONE, COME ALL!

As business of interest and importance is to be transacted.

By request of

MANY MEMBERS.

FIRST PRELIMINARY MEETING.

ATTENTION, 3D GEORGIA REGIMENT!

In response to a previous call, a large number of the surviving members of Company D, of the 3d Georgia Regiment, met in the Court House, at Madison, on Saturday, 16th May, 1874.

On motion, Capt. C. H. Andrews was called to the chair, and W. T. Hollingsworth requested to act as Secretary.

Upon taking the chair, Capt. Andrews announced that the object of the meeting was to consider the proposition of having a Reunion of all the surviving members of the 3d Georgia Regiment, and to determine upon the time and place of holding such meeting.

The following resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That each surviving member report to the Secretary his name to be enrolled, and if wounded, give time and place, that it may be recorded opposite his name.

Resolved, That the proprietor of the *Home Journal* be requested to publish the roll of the Company when completed, and the proceedings of this meeting, as a matter of public interest.

Resolved, That the Secretary compile from the muster rolls, morning reports, and other data, a history of the Company for publication.

The following is a list of the names of those present at this meeting:

C. H. Andrews, G. N. Dexter, R. H. Harris, E. A. Furlow, W. L. A. Whitton, J. M. Brown, P. W. Walton, W. T. Ballard, B. H. Overby, I. W. Reese, S. A. Harper, J. P. Almand, J. M. Stovall, J. A. Fannin, Dan. Towns, J. W. Reese, J. K. Wright, B. B. Brown, W. T. Hollingsworth, A. J. Reese, W. D. Wynn, F. M. Luster, G. B. Stovall, W. T. Jones.

Letters were read from Capt. Corker, of Company A, Capt. Nesbit, of Company B, and Sergt. Levy, of Company H, all fervently and cordially responding in favor of the movement for a Reunion of the old Third Georgia Regiment.

Mr. G. N. Dexter moved that Union Point be selected as the most suitable place for the Reunion to be held.

Mr. A. J. Reese offered, as a substitute, that Augusta be selected.

Mr. R.'s motion was put and lost.

Mr. Dexter's motion was then voted on, and carried by a large majority in favor of Union Point.

A motion was made that the meeting take place on Thursday, 30th of July next, and continue for two days; which motion, on being put by the chairman, was unanimously carried.

On motion, a committee of five, consisting of G. N. Dexter, W. D. Wynn, B. B. Brown, G. B. Stovall and B. H. Overby, was appointed to make general arrangements and correspond with other officers and men of the old command in reference to the meeting.

It was moved and carried that Col. J. S. Reid (who was not present at this meeting) be the permanent President, and W. T. Hollingsworth permanent Secretary of the Company (as newly organized).

On motion, a committee on by-laws was appointed, consisting of B. B. Brown, R. H. Harris, E. A. Furlow, P. W. Walton and W. T. Hollingsworth.

A resolution of thanks was unanimously voted to our old comrade and Regimental Quartermaster, Capt. A. Phillips, of Company G, for his attendance at this meeting.

On motion, the meeting adjourned to meet again on the 13th of June next.

C. H. ANDREWS, Ch'n.

W. T. HOLLINGSWORTH, Sec'y.

SECOND PRELIMINARY MEETING.

MEETING OF THE HOME GUARDS.

According to previous adjournment, a goodly number of the Home Guards, Company D, met in the Court House, at Madison, 13th June, 1874, Col. J. S. Reid, President, in the chair.

The object of the meeting was stated by Capt. Andrews. The reports of committees were then announced to be first in order.

The committee on rules and regulations made its report. Six rules are embraced in this report. Rules 1st and 2d read as follows:

First—This corps shall be called the “Veteran Home Guards,” and shall consist of all the surviving men who were enrolled and mustered into the service during the late war as Company D, 3d Ga. Regiment of Volunteers.

Second—The objects of this organization is to keep intact, as near as possible, a roll of the survivors of the former organization, and to collect and preserve all incidents and facts of interest connected with its war record, in order that the same may be perpetuated.

The other four rules have reference to the officers of the corps and their duties, etc.

On motion, these rules and regulations were unanimously adopted.

The committee on general arrangements and correspondence reported, through its chairman, Mr. G. N. Dexter. Printed copies of the meeting of the citizens of Union Point, tendering the hospitalities of the town and the use of the Fair Grounds, etc., were distributed among the members present, and letters were read from old comrades from the different companies that composed the regiment, heartily endorsing the movement for a Reunion of the survivors of the old command. Arrangements had been made with the officers of the Georgia Rail Road to pass all who were members of the 3d Ga. Regiment to the place of meeting and return for one fare.

It was moved and carried that each member of the corps provide himself with three days' rations and such bed clothing as he may deem necessary.

Capt. Andrews moved that the committee on general correspondence be instructed to invite Gen. G. M. Sorrel, of Savannah, to deliver an address to the regiment on the occasion of its Reunion, which motion was unanimously adopted.

Dr. Hollingsworth moved that a speaker be selected independent of the regular orator for the occasion to

deliver an address upon the history of the Third Georgia Regiment, and upon its deceased and lamented first commander, Gen. A. R. Wright, and that the same committee be instructed to make the selection. The motion was adopted.

On motion, the committee on arrangements was instructed to confer with the authorities of the Georgia Rail Road to try and get an extension of the free return tickets from the Reunion to five days, instead of two days, and that the family of each member be included in the same.

It was moved and adopted that all the colored servants who were with the regiment in the field, be invited to attend.

It was moved and carried that each member be assessed twenty-five cents to defray incidental expenses.

On motion, the meeting adjourned to meet again on Saturday, the 25th July next.

J. S. REID, Pres't.

W. T. HOLLINGSWORTH, Sec'y.

The old members of Company D can procure certificates of membership to enable them to be at the Reunion, by calling on either Capt. C. H. Andrews or Capt. J. K. Wright.

THIRD PRELIMINARY MEETING.

Pursuant to previous adjournment, Company D met in the Court House, on Saturday, the 25th July inst. Col. Reid being absent, Capt. C. H. Andrews was called to the chair. The President detailed to the members present the plans and arrangements that had been perfected in reference to the approaching Reunion of the 3d Ga. Regiment.

The Secretary read letters from a number of members of the old command—of the number was one from Col. Snead, accepting an invitation to deliver an address on the occasion, together with his printed circular addressed to old comrades.

A letter from Gen. G. M. Sorrel, of Savannah, was also read, regretting his inability to attend and deliver an address, but promised himself, as some partial compensation, the privilege of communicating a letter at the Reunion, conveying his congratulations on the occasion.

In consequence of previous engagements, Gen. J. B. Gordon could not be present.

Gov. Smith had not yet been heard from, in reply to a request that his Excellency be present on the occasion.

The action of the committee in arranging a programme for the occasion of the Reunion, was reported, and unanimously approved and endorsed.

On motion, it was resolved that we return our sincere thanks to the Panola Guards for their kind invitation to us to attend and participate in the festivities of their Reunion on the 29th inst.

And it was further resolved, that we hereby extend to each surviving member of that gallant Company a cordial invitation to unite with us as special guests of Company D, on the occasion of the Reunion of the 3d Ga. Regiment, at Union Point, on the 30th and 31st inst.

On motion, the Secretary was requested to at once make known to the Panola Guards the invitation thus extended them.

It was moved and adopted that Mr. Dan. Towns be appointed as the Company Quartermaster, to look after the baggage of the same.

A resolution of thanks was voted to such of the public press as have kindly noticed the proceedings of our meetings on the subject of our Reunion.

On motion, the meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the President.

C. H. ANDREWS, Pres't *pro tem*.

W. T. HOLLINGSWORTH, Sec'y.

C I R C U L A R.

To the Surviving Members of the 3d Regiment of Georgia Volunteers.

AUGUSTA, GA., JULY 14TH, 1874.

Friends and Countrymen:—As the last commanding officer of the old Third Georgia, I take pleasure and pride in endorsing and uniting in the movement among our comrades to celebrate the first Reunion of the surviving members of the Regiment, at Union Point, on the 30th and 31st instant.

Such a Reunion in these times of peace of those who have stood side by side and unflinching amidst the din and dangers of many a hard fought battle, cannot but prove gratifying in its features and happy in its results.

Every arrangement has been made for the success of the occasion, and some efforts will doubtless be inaugurated to perpetuate in enduring form the glorious history of the war-worn organization.

Be assured your presence in full numbers is earnestly requested. Over the line of the Georgia Rail Road and connections members of the Regiment will be transported for one fare and return free.

Hoping to meet you all on the days of the Reunion, I have the honor to be, comrades,

Very respectfully yours,

CLAIBORNE SNEAD,

Surviving Colonel of the 3d Ga. Regt.

R E G R E T S

From Dr. Kilby, of Suffolk, Va., late Surgeon of the Regiment.

SUFFOLK, VA., JULY 20TH, 1874.

Capt. A. A. WINN, Savannah, Ga.—

My Dear Sir:—Yours of June 19th came to hand in due time, and should have been answered before this late date, but I have been trying to make arrangements to go to Union Point, and be with you at the Reunion of the old 3d Georgia. I regret exceedingly that it will be entirely out of my power to make a visit to your State, that I have so much desired since the war. Our sickly season is now on us, and we are

having more sickness than usual, in consequence of which, I am very closely confined at home plodding along in professional duties that are arduous and not profitable. It is impossible to express my gratitude towards you and others for the very kind manner in which you and many others of the regiment have thought and still think of me, and for the many expressions of kind feelings towards myself and mine. It is certainly very kind in all of you to think of me so far away, and to extend an invitation to be present on the occasion of your re-organization. Accept my thanks—but I cannot find words to express my feelings—imagine them if you can. I want you to present my name at the Reunion, and have it placed on the roll as a permanent member of the regiment, and if consistent, would be more than delighted to know that I can again subscribe myself “Surg. 3d Ga. Regt.”

If you come to Virginia this summer, I shall certainly expect to see you, and then what a jolly good time we will have, talking over and recalling the many pleasant moments we had around the camp-fire of the old 3d Georgia. Why, Asa, I feel real jolly at the bare idea of meeting with you and talking about “Sebe” Barnwell, Parson Stoakes, Dr. Thompson, Jim Hester, and a whole host of others. Do you remember how Parson Stoakes, Dr. Thompson and I, used to abuse you and Sebe because you had us up so early those cold mornings, and sound the “surgeon’s call” for at least one-fourth the regiment to march up and receive his portion of castor oil or blue pill and quinine, with an occasional dose of bad whiskey and red pepper? Those were jolly times. What has become of Sebe and his little drum? When you see Sebe, ask him if he has forgotten the big blister he had put over all the bowels and stomach hoping to get a furlough, and then didn’t get it? I should like so much to see him, and hear him beat the “*double quick*,” it would look so much like those good old war times, when we fought for glory, quarter rations and no

clothes. What has become of Jim Hester and Dr. Thompson? I have heard from them once or twice since the war, but have heard nothing in three or four years. If still alive, and you see them at your Reunion, give them a good hug for me, and tell them to keep me in kind remembrance—not to forget their old chum and comrade in hardships and short rations. Don't fail to present my kindest regards to each and every one of the old Third; and tell them I still hold them in the most affectionate remembrance, and never can forget their many kindnesses towards me. You must send me all the papers containing any account of your Reunion, and let me know all the proceedings and facts. I hope, by the time the next meeting takes place, business, health and other circumstances will permit me to be present *for duty*. I regret so much I can't be there to answer to my name, "*present*," when it is called—but, Asa, you must do so for me, and look just behind your President's chair and you will see my *spirit*, for that will be there though the body is denied the pleasant privilege.

The idea has occurred to me to try to get up a "*Regimental Photograph Gallery*," for my parlor. For this purpose, I want you to ask as many as can do so, to forward to me here their photograph pictures (with their families, if they choose), with their own signature and address, and I will return them mine as reminiscences of war times. Do you think I can succeed? If they would do so, and give me the letter of their company, I would arrange them in company order around the wall. I took a large sheet of paper that I might write a long letter. Let me hear from you as early as possible, and tell me all the news about the Reunion, etc. Present my kindest regards and unmingled regrets to the old Third, at my not being able to be with you on the happy occasion of the Reunion. Let me hear from you, and believe me as ever, your sincere and attached friend,

JNO. T. KILBY, "Surg. 3d Ga. Regt."

THE REUNION,

THURSDAY, JULY 30, AND FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1874,

AT UNION POINT, GA.

Some three months previous to the date, "Commodore" G. N. Dexter, of Madison, Georgia, at a meeting of his old Company, the Home Guards, had suggested a social reunion of the survivors of the Third Regiment of Georgia Volunteers (infantry), of which the Company had formed a part during its service in the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by General Robert E. Lee, in the war for the Confederate States; and the 30th and 31st of July were fixed upon as the days for this novel and pleasant gathering, and Union Point, on the line of the Georgia Rail Road, between Augusta and Atlanta, was chosen as the place.

At one o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the 30th of July, a special car on the Georgia Road from Augusta was left at the Union Point depot by the passing train, and in it were many of the veteran members of the Confederate Light Guards, of Augusta, and of the Burke Guards, of Burke Co., among whom were Col. Claiborne Snead, Capt. S. A. Corker, Lieut. M. Rice, and Lieut. S. J. Bell—the latter two gentlemen having had their left legs shot off at Gettysburg, and received their wounds in almost identically the same places. Gardner's brass band, of Augusta, was along, and having escorted the veterans on their departure from that city with the "Bonny Blue Flag," amidst the cheers of the assembled crowd, continued to awaken enthusiasm with patriotic strains. It is recorded that the first symptom of the Reunion had been early observed in this special coach in the shape of an ominous black bottle moving around the water tank.

Rank seemed to be forgotten in the presence of this unerring emblem of civilization, this companion in peace, war pestilence, famine or plenty. "An American never starts to do anything without first taking a drink," somebody said, and had the author of that been along, he would certainly have had reason for strengthening his opinion.

Detachments from the Athens Guards, Clarke Rifles, of Clarke Co., Home Guards, of Madison, Dawson Grays, of Greene Co., and Young Guards, of Covington, were first to greet and welcome these first arrivals. The principal hotel of the town having been unfortunately burned several months previously, the majority of the visitors remained on the train until dawn, and a few found accommodations in private houses.

With the later trains from Athens, Atlanta and Augusta, the number of veterans increased, many of the survivors of the old Third Georgia promptly appearing—glad to take part in the festivities of a social reunion for the first time since their blood-stained banner was forever furled at Appomattox, nearly ten years before.

FIRST DAY.

Several days in advance of the 30th, "Commodore" Dexter, the indefatigable chairman of the committee of arrangements appointed by Company D—the Home Guards, of Madison—had occupied the Fair Grounds at Union Point in force, and assisted by Capt. Alexander Phillips, of the Confederate Light Infantry, of Augusta, had thoroughly prepared the place for the coming celebration. The generous citizens of Greene had previously held a public meeting, inviting the Reunion, and pledging in no stinted terms their sympathy, co-operation and hospitality. Not a few came themselves, and lent strong helping hands in satisfactorily effecting the setting in order of the chosen camping ground.

The Greene County Fair Grounds contain several acres of land neatly enclosed, lying just without the limits of Union Point, and in a direction somewhat South East of the town, on the line and South of the Georgia Rail Road. That portion of the grounds nearest to the town is shaded by a beautiful natural grove of oak and hickory, amidst which have been built by the energy and enterprise of the County Fair Association the usual exhibition edifices. Among these, Floral Hall, a circular central building, and the Grand Stand, which overlooks the race track to the East in the wide open space that forms the Eastern part of the grounds, are most prominent; and within these buildings comfortable bunks made of plank and filled with wheat straw had been constructed, and here the veterans, each man with his own blanket, were to recall in a pleasant, practical way, their experiences of actual soldiering. A magnificent spring in the South West corner of the grounds gushed forth amidst the embowering oaks, and furnished the rare luxury to soldiers of pure and refreshing water in generous abundance. South of the Floral Hall a platform had been erected and benches arranged, and not far from the Entrance Gate had been dug trenches for barbecuing meats, and put up a half dozen long tables, on which was to be spread the grand feast tendered the assembled veterans by the Dawson Grays, of Greene County, and the noble citizens of that county. The entire grounds had been thoroughly cleaned up, and, together with all the buildings, were in most admirable trim and condition. Bountiful donations of supplies and provisions of all kinds were generously sent in by the people of the town and the county, and many an "old reb" there was permitted to smile complacently at a commissariat which in the days that that happy event was so vividly recalling would have been regarded as wonderfully sumptuous and magnificent as the heaps of treasure that dazzled all beholders in Aladdin's palace.

At 2 P. M., in the City Hall of Union Point, a meeting of officers of the regiment was held, for purposes of preliminary organization, the Grangers in the mean time

occupying the Fair Grounds in mass meeting, before whom speeches were delivered by Gen. A. H. Colquitt, Gen. Goode Bryan, Col. David E. Butler and others.

At 4 P. M., the veterans of the Third Georgia assembled at the platform in the Fair Grounds, and were called to order by Capt. C. H. Andrews, of the Home Guards, of Madison. On motion of Col. Claiborne Snead, A. A. Winn was elected Secretary.

Upon taking the chair, Capt. Andrews said :

*My Friends and Comrades
of the Old Third Ga. Regiment :*

In the month of May last, Mr. G. N. Dexter, the Quartermaster Sergeant of our old regiment, suggested a reunion of the surviving members of the regiment, at some convenient time and place. Upon that suggestion a meeting of Company D was called, to consider the question. By correspondence our plans were approved, and the co-operation of the other companies was promised us. To avoid divided councils, Company D, through a committee, proceeded to make all general arrangements, after fixing the time and place. The efforts of that committee have resulted in our meeting to-day. I feel honored at being called upon to preside at this, the first reunion of the regiment. In by-gone days, I felt it an honor to lead you, as soldiers, on the march, and in the impetuous charge on the battle-field. At meeting you, war-worn veterans, memory crowds the mind with incidents of our four years' struggle. Your valor is blocked in unfading letters in the granite heights about Gettysburg, and upon the mountain side in Manassas Gap ; your endurance marked the line at Petersburg, and overcome the snows of Northern Virginia ; your dead sleep within ear shot of the rolling sea at Roanoke Island, in the swamps of the great " Dismal," by the sluggish waters of the Chickahominy, beneath the green slopes of Malvern Hill, upon the fields of Sharpsburg, in the thickets of the Wilderness, in the enemy's works at Chancellorsville, and along the line of the retreat from Richmond. We, the survivors, only surrendered when General Lee said we should return to our homes and fight no more.

Comrades, we meet to-day to recall the past—its pains with its pleasures, its endurance with its hardships, its devotion and its disasters. We meet to look into faces again that we learned years ago to love ; to clasp again

hands that battled for our homes and for our liberties. We do not meet to revive angry discussion, or to conjure up sectional hatred. In olden times we were patriots enough to be jealous of our rights in the government, and we were manly enough to endeavor to defend them. We never were degraded enough to hate a foe, who dared to defend his side of the question. We propose to perpetuate the records of our valor, to be an association of veterans to keep green memories of the past war, only to become extinct, as an organization, when the last one of us is carried in silence to the "low browed mystic vault." The meeting being now organized, we are ready for any business that may be submitted for our consideration.

On motion of Col. Snead, the roll was called by companies, the following veterans responding to their names:

ROLL CALL OF THE VETERANS.

Company A, Burke Guards, of Burke County—Capt. S. A. Corker, Lieut. S. J. Bell, Sergt. Drewry Reeves, Corp. J. P. Bell, Corp. F. N. Burton, James Attaway, Abram Chance, B. D. Lester, W. McCatheren, J. W. Sandeford, W. Warnock.

Company B, Brown Rifles, of Putnam County—Capt. Jno. S. Reid, E. H. Yancy.

Company C, Dawson Grays, of Greene County—Maj. R. L. McWhorter (formerly Captain, promoted), Capt. J. F. Geer, Capt. J. R. Sanders, Capt. D. N. Sanders, Lieut. J. F. Cheney, Sergt. Joseph Davidson, Sergt. C. B. Mitchell, Sergt. J. T. Chapman, Corp. E. R. Cheney, Corp. M. S. Hobbs, H. E. Jernigan, C. L. Lankford, W. K. Mullins, N. Pippin, E. S. Powell, J. S. Barnwell, R. T. Dolvin, C. C. Lankford, B. E. Spencer, Wm. Morgan, Thos. Aikin, W. S. Williams, W. H. Johnson, A. Agee, J. R. Aikin, Jno. Armstrong, T. W. Benton, R. S. Cheney, J. H. English, J. N. English, S. Agee, C. M. Sanders, J. W. Watson, J. H. Whitlow, J. B. Williams, B. Johnson, S. English, W. T. Lindsey, Thos. Foster, J. L. Wilson, W. R. Wilson, J. O. Boswell.

Company D, Home Guards, of Morgan County—Col. Jas. S. Reid (formerly Capt. and promoted Lieut. Colonel), Capt. C. H. Andrews, Capt. Jas. K. Wright, Lieut. W. D. Wynn, Dr. W. T. Hollingsworth, Asst. Surgeon, Q. M. Sergt. G. N. Dexter, J. W. Reese, N. Pitts, D. Towns, B. F. Sammons, R. L. Peacock, W. Wiley, J. Reese, F. Laster, G. D. Harwell, S. Harper, C. B. Barrow, C. Hill, J. Richardson, W. T. Jones, C. Brooks, R. H. Harris, W. T. Bullard, G. B. Stovall, J. P. Ahmands, Peter W. Walton, J. C. Anderson, B. B. Brown, W. A. Brooks, W. L. Thrasher, J. A. Fan-
nil, E. A. Furlow, A. J. Reese.

Company E, Governor's Guards, of Houston County—Capt. Jas. W. Mathews, R. W. Rutherford.

Company F, Wilkinson Rifles, of Wilkinson County—W. H. Tillery.

Company G, Confederate Light Guards, of Augusta, Ga.—Col. Claiborne Snead (Capt. and promoted Colonel), Lieut. M. Rice, W. Bartlett, Moses McCook, T. Roney, G. A. Snead.

Company H, Young Guards, of Newton County—Maj. John F. Jones (formerly Capt. and promoted Major), Capt. S. H. Starr (Lieut. and promoted Capt. of Ordnance), Lieut. A. H. Zachary, Sergt. R. W. Bagby, Sergt. G. S. Cowan, Sergt. Jas. DeLaney, Sergt. M. J. Harralson, J. C. Anderson, J. S. Carroll, J. W. Davis, M. E. Ellis, T. K. Harralson, Maj. A. H. Lee (formerly Capt. and promoted Major), Corp. T. H. Kennan, Corp. W. H. Hammett, Jo. Harris, J. H. Harris, E. J. Horton, J. M. Levy, A. C. McCalla, W. W. Osborne, George Russell, J. E. Wheeler, H. C. Harralson.

Company I, Carswell Guards, of Wilkinson County—No representation.

Company K, Athens Guards, of Clarke County—Col. H. C. Billups (formerly Captain and promoted Colonel), Lieut. S. D. Mitchell, Sergt. C. W. Reynolds, Corp. John T. Greer, R. K. Reaves, William D. Luckie, George Griffith, Frank Jackson, W. A. Sims, S. M.

Barber, Geo. Mabry, R. T. Durham, A. A. Edge, Jas. O'Farrell, B. Durham, I. L. Rice, J. G. McCurdy, A. A. Winn.

Company L, Clarke County Rifles, of Clarke County—Capt Warren H. Beardin, W. H. Hale, W. A. Thornton, J. V. Bradberry, S. D. Hardigree, William Collier, W. J. Fielding, William Nowell, James Wilson.

Capt. S. A. Corker, of the Burke Guards, ex-member of Congress from the Fifth District of Georgia, submitted the following resolutions, which, after discussion, were passed :

Resolved, That a committee be raised, consisting of one member from each company, to whom shall be referred all matters of business.

Resolved, That said committee consider and perfect a plan of organization of the regiment as a corps of veterans, and submit the same to the regiment at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Resolved, That immediately after the adjournment of this meeting, each company perfect its organization and elect their member of the committee raised, and report the names to the Secretary.

The Chairman designated the following gentlemen to compose this committee :

Capt. S. A. Corker, of the Burke Guards, Chairman ; Capt. John S. Reid, of the Brown Rifles ; Capt. D. N. Sanders, of the Dawson Grays ; Priv. George B. Stovall, of the Home Guards ; Priv. Robert W. Ruth-erford, of the Governor's Guards ; Priv. W. H. Tillery, of the Wilkinson Rifles ; Capt. Alexander Phillips, Assistant Quartermaster, of the Confederate Light Guards ; Lieut. A. H. Zachary, of the Young Guards ; Priv. James O'Farrell, of the Athens Guards ; Sergt. S. D. Hardigree, of the Clarke County Rifles.

The chair announced that a letter from Dr. John T. Kilby, of Suffolk, Va., former Surgeon of the regiment, was in the hands of the Secretary, which, on motion, was read and heartily received.

The meeting took recess, on motion of Maj. R. L. McWhorter, to 9 o'clock A. M., next day. Subse-

quent to the recess, calls were made for Col. Snead, Maj. A. H. Lee, Gen. E. S. Thomas, of Covington, who commanded a brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia, Maj. McWhorter, "Commodore" Dexter and others, and brief and happy responses were given.

In the evening, the camp of the veterans was brilliantly illuminated by torch-light beacons, and amidst the radiance they threw over the grove and the grounds gallant and fair forms flitted as the old soldiers and their lady friends made merry in the balmy summer night. Gardner's band, with joyous music, lead the dancers on the ample platform through the bewitching mazes of the waltz, and the more stately evolutions of the cotillion, until the twinkling of the morning star warned the happy revellers that night's candles were burning low. Nor was all the pleasure of the rare occasion confined to the immediate camp of the old soldiers. In Union Point, the ladies and gentlemen of the Dramatic Club of that goodly place, catching the enthusiasm of the boys of the old Third, enlivened the evening with amateur theatricals, Bulwer's play of the "Lady of Lyons," and the farce, "Loan of a Lover," being most creditably presented early in the night for the entertainment and amusement of such of the veterans and their friends as desired to preface the terpsichorean festivities awaiting them at the Fair Grounds with the equally as pleasurable enjoyment afforded by agreeably rendered dramatic interpretations; and thus, with admiring the soldierly character and sympathizing with the unhappy love of Claude Melnotte, and laughter at life's comicalities, and dancing 'neath the glinting stars, and telling tales of dangers past, and rehearsing warlike scenes, the veterans closed the first day of their Reunion.

SECOND DAY.

Friday, the 31st of July, dawned as bright and beautiful as the preceding day had been, and from the balmy air and golden sunshine that fanned the earth and filled the world with merry beams it looked as if heaven's most auspicious smiles were blessing the occasion.

At an early hour a vast concourse of visitors had joined the veterans at the Fair Grounds. The opening ceremony of the day was indeed an interesting one—it was the unfurling and hanging over the platform the old battle flag of the Third Georgia. This flag, the regular Confederate field flag, the Southern Cross, in blue with thirteen white stars, on a red ground, had been borne by the regiment with the Army of Northern Virginia, and at the surrender at Appomattox Court House, on the 9th of April, 1865, had been taken from the staff by Col. Claiborne Snead, and, wrapped around his body, thus concealed, was rescued from the hands of the enemy, and by him brought home. It was faded by sunshine and storm, and shot into fragments by bullets; and as it again floated in the morning breeze amidst huzzahs and cheers from men and women, it caused a strange thrill and a wild throb to vibrate through the hearts that again surrounded it. The flag hung in its place all through that day.

At 9 o'clock the long roll was beat, and the veterans assembled at the platform. The meeting, in pursuance to adjournment, was called to order by Capt. C. H. Andrews, who in doing so made appropriate reference to the old battle flag just suspended in view, and by his suggestion the veterans and audience rose to their feet in greeting it.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read by the Secretary and regularly confirmed.

The Committee on business and permanent organization, through Capt Stephen A. Corker, Chairman, submitted the following report :

We, the committee, recommend that the following rules be adopted for the government of the Third Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, at their future Reunions.

We recommend that we style ourselves the "Veterans of the Late Third Georgia Regiment."

The officers shall be composed of a President, a first and second Vice Presidents, a Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Historian, Quartermaster, Assistant Quartermaster, a Commissary and Assistant Commissary, Surgeon, Assistant Surgeons, and a Chaplain, who shall be elected annually, at the reunions, and continue in office until their successors be appointed.

It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all reunions of the Regiment; in the event of the President being absent, the Vice Presidents shall preside in the order of seniority.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of each meeting of the Regiment, and report the same to the Historian.

It shall be the duty of the Historian to gather all the incidents of the Regiment that would be of interest, and have them recorded for preservation.

It shall be the duty of the Quartermaster to provide for personal comfort, quarters, fuel and transportation at each reunion.

It shall be the duty of the Commissary to take charge and provide for this particular department at each reunion.

The President and Vice Presidents shall be a committee to arrange for each reunion.

There shall be a committee of one from each Company, who shall prepare a full history of his Company, embracing the muster roll, encampments, battles, marches, list of killed and wounded, the time and place, and all other matters of interest, including memorial notices of the dead during the war and since—which committee shall communicate with the Historian, in order to aid him in preparing his history of the Regiment.

The committee further recommend that the following be chosen as permanent officers of the Veterans:

Col. Claiborne Snead, President.

Col. J. S. Reid, First Vice President.

Maj. John J. Jones, Second Vice President.

Capt. A. A. Winn, Secretary.

Lieut. S. J. Bell, Assistant Secretary.

Capt. A. Phillips, Quartermaster.

“Commodore” G. N. Dexter, Assistant Quartermaster.

Capt. Rufus K. Reaves, Commissary.

Sergt. W. D. Luckie, Assistant Commissary.

Dr. John T. Kilby, Surgeon.

Dr. A. C. C. Thompson and Dr. W. T. Hollingsworth, Assistant Surgeons.

Rev. J. M. Stokes, Chaplain.

Captain C. H. Andrews, Historian.

On motion of Priv. A. C. McCalla, of the Young Guards, the report was received, and on motion of Maj. R. L. McWhorter, of the Dawson Grays, it was adopted as a whole, and the nominations of permanent officers confirmed.

Col. Snead formally accepted the presidency of the association, and on taking the chair introduced Capt. D. N. Sanders, of the Dawson Grays, who delivered the following address of welcome in behalf of the Grays and the citizens of Greene County :

Fellow-Soldiers and Friends—May I not add the dearer word brothers, for together we have received the fierce baptism of fire, and our blood has mingled on a hundred fields of battle? As a substitute for my brother officer, who was selected to meet you with words of gratulation and welcome on this occasion, I make my appearance to-day, for the first time, in the role of orator. While my words of greeting may not be adorned with such flowers of rhetoric, or fall from my lips in such harmonious accents or such finished periods as from his, yet they will come from a heart as full of joy at this happy meeting, and which is as true to the ties and memories of the past, as any that beats in all this assembly.

In behalf of my Company, and of all the good people of Greene, I extend to you a most hearty welcome. We rejoice that the ball set in motion weeks ago by our comrades of Company D, has culminated to-day in this happy reunion of so many of the surviving members of the noble Third Regiment.

We thank you for having designated Union Point—a place known during the war to every soldier who passed over the Georgia Railroad for its lavish hospitalities and the beautiful ladies who dispensed them—

as the point of meeting. Their doors have never been closed to fair women or brave men, and to-day they stand wide open to receive you as welcome and honored guests. Though an Augusta soldier has long since plucked the fairest flower that then adorned her Soldiers' Home, to-day she has many fair daughters left to perform all the rites of hospitality.

By selecting our native county as the place of meeting you have not only given us the pleasure of taking you by the hand as comrades, tried and true, but you have afforded us the additional happiness of presenting you to our mothers, our wives and our children, and saying to them, these are the brave men who stood shoulder to shoulder with us through four years of unparalleled hardships and dangers—whose unswerving patriotism and unflinching valor nerved our own hearts to nobler deeds of daring—who freely divided with us the last cup of water, the last crust of bread, and who watched over and supported us, when sick or wounded, with all a father's strength, a mother's tenderness.

Third Georgians! After a separation of nine years, we meet again to renew the ties of affection, to strengthen the links of friendship, formed and cemented during our unhappy civil strife. We meet again, to revive the many pleasant recollections of the past, to extend the hand of brotherhood to the living, and to let fall the tear of sorrow and affection to the memory of the dead.

While I retrospect the past, a thousand recollections crowd upon the mind. Thirteen years ago, in obedience to the call of the sovereign State of Georgia, you, her gallant sons, flew to arms, and marched to defend the soil of the noble old Commonwealth of Virginia against an army of invasion, just as ninety-eight years ago the sons of Virginia marched to defend the soil of Massachusetts.

A band of gallant youths, with hearts fired with patriotism and filled with visions of military glory, taking a hurried leave of home and friends, you hastened to Augusta to organize the gallant Third Regiment, which so nobly illustrated Georgia on the battle fields of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. There, on the balmy 1st of May, 1861, you met together for the first time to pledge fidelity to Georgia and to each other.

As it had been but yesterday, I remember my own Spartan mother, as she approached to buckle on my knapsack and bid me God-speed. Presenting me a Bible with one hand, my musket with the other, she bade me be true

to God and the land of my birth ; to go forth with a mother's blessing, and followed by a *mother's prayers*, to win a soldier's laurels, or find a soldier's grave.

My heart yet glows with happiness as I recall to mind the lovely daughters of Augusta, whose slender fingers plied the nimble needle in stitching our uniforms, while their ruby lips distilled honeyed music sweeter than a Syren's voice.

Oh, how our youthful hearts swelled with thoughts of high ambition, and glowed with rapture, as they pictured to our imagination our return from the wars, covered with glory and fair woman's smiles. Long after my uniform had gone to tatters, and been numbered with the things that were, visions of the bright-eyed girl who made it still lived fresh and vivid in my memory, driving away, on the long, weary march, all thoughts of blistered feet and empty haversack ; filling my dreams with pictures of more than mortal happiness, and making the hard root upon which I reclined my head at night feel softer than downy pillows are. Some of the honey distilled from her virgin lips, " as she kissed me for my *sister*," and bade me fight as her knight, still lingers around my mouth.

God bless the beautiful girls of Georgia, who made us feel that to die in the effort to win their approbation was sweeter than to live for all else beside. While I live I shall always love them, and I love to live to love them.

With hearts buoyant with youthful hope, confident in the justice of your cause, and in your own prowess, you hurried to Virginia, eager for the fray. Little did you then imagine that the dread prophecy of the Harpy Celens :

"Te fames accisis coget dapibus consumere mensas,"

at which the stout knees of the brave Trojan bands smote together with fear and trembling, would be more than fulfilled in your experience. Even the dauntless heart of Æneas quailed before the prediction that ere he reached a peaceful haven hunger would compel him to consume his half-eaten trencher with his meat ; but often you found yourselves with neither trencher nor meat to satisfy the fierce cravings of your hunger.

During a long and trying conflict you stood shoulder to shoulder with unwavering devotion to the flag you loved. Your fortitude knew no limit of endurance, your courage quailed before no danger. Opposed to a powerful and well disciplined army, superior in numbers and in all the appliances of war, you ever offered a dauntless front to

the foe, and never refused the gage of battle. During those four years of doubtful sanguinary conflict—belonging to an army rarely equalled, never surpassed in the annals of history—you ever stood the bravest of the brave, rarely yielding *an inch of ground* upon which your feet once had pressed. Always readier to charge upon the foe than to receive their onset, you *never once* were the last to advance or the first to retire. Though most of your bodies are pitted with bullet marks, *you bear no scars upon your backs*. Never was a grander spectacle presented to the world than you offered to their wondering gaze during the last sad year of the struggle. With decreasing numbers, but unabated resolution, you opposed your breasts as a serried wall of defense against the great army that was pressing toward the Confederate Capital. Again and again did you decimate their ranks in desperate conflict, only to see them refilled the next day with fresh recruits.

But in vain was your valor, in vain the libations of blood you poured out like water in defence of a cause that fate had decreed should perish.

The defences around Richmond were soon to be abandoned, because the brave hearts that had manned them were mouldering beneath the sod.

And now comes the saddest and grandest page of your history—your retreat from Richmond to Appomattox. With despair in your hearts but defiance in your eyes, you still rallied around your flag and your chieftain; and left to history another “retreat of the ten thousand” not surpassed in heroism by the retreat of the Greeks from Persia.

Fighting your way by day, scarcely halting for an hour’s rest by night, your fortitude and heroism shone forth during that eventful week with ever increasing luster. You did all that was possible for human endurance and courage to achieve. At length, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, your weary limbs refused to move, and your arms fell from your nerveless grasp. And the flag which you had so often borne to victory—which you had wreathed with glory, and which you had learned to love with a devotion equal to your love to woman, was furled forever. Ah! life had in store no bitterer cup than was then presented to your lips. But the gloom of that dark day on which the great heart of our honored chieftain was broken, on which the proud form of Gordon (the noblest of Georgia’s noble sons), which had never shrunk from mortal danger, was bowed in anguish, that day on which

every heart was filled with sorrow, every eye was dimmed with tears, is relieved by the magnanimity displayed by the brave army in blue. Never did that army pay you a higher compliment, or do themselves a greater honor, than by their conduct and words on that occasion. From the commander-in-chief down to its humblest follower, you received words and acts only of consideration and kindness. Not a word of boasting or of insult was heard from all that great army.

The truly brave ever must and will honor the brave. If the adjustment of differences at the close of the war had been left to the brave men who had faced each other in battle, the gulf of separation would have been bridged over, and complete harmony restored before the end of a single year.

Fellow-soldiers, it is a source of congratulation to us all on this, our first Reunion, that our State has recovered from the effects of war; that our waste places have been re-built; that our State government is well administered and commands the respect and confidence of all parties; that our laws are honestly executed, and that the greatest harmony exists between all classes of our people.

I rejoice to see many evidences of a revival of the ancient military spirit of our people, without which no State or people can long preserve their liberty. Let us revive this spirit in our own breasts and awaken it in the breasts of our children.

While deep down in our hearts we will ever cherish the memory of the banner which represented our loved "lost cause," let us re-adopt the grand old flag of the Union. 'Twas the loved flag of our father; let it also be ours. Our grand sires made it glorious by their valor, and consecrated it with their blood; let us, their children, still claim it as our birthright, and defend its honor as our own.

Third Georgians! With mingled feelings of joy and sorrow I cast my eyes along your ranks for the first time since the fatal field of Gettysburg. Left wounded on the field, I was carried to a Northern prison, and held captive till the war was over. From that day I was prevented from sharing with you your hardships and dangers. Like the Hebrew captive, I could only look southward from my prison window at morning, noon and night, and pray to the God of battles to preserve and shield you.

I see before me the familiar faces of many who have endeared themselves to me by the possession of every

manly grace, every soldierly virtue. As my eye rests upon their noble forms a thousand incidents of camp and field flit through my mind, and my heart leaps to give them a joyful welcome. I see before me strange faces, to whom I shall offer the hand of friendship and brotherhood for the first time to-day. I read their history when I see them in your ranks. They came to you during the last; trying years, to swell your depleted numbers.

Patriotic and brave, they desired to go where brave men were needed, where the battle shouts rang fiercest, and where gallant blood flowed freest—in the ranks of Lee's infantry—and they came to you. I am glad to see them here, and with all my heart I bid them welcome. But I look in vain for the noble forms of many who were wont to be seen in the front rank of battle, and whose shout of defiance or of triumph I have often heard ring loud and clear above the muskets' rattle.

I miss the tall form of your first chieftain—the brave and noble Wright—whose clarion voice could stir your hearts to deeds of wildest daring. I miss the gallant Sturgis, the fiery and impetuous Hays—than whom two truer men never offered up their lives upon their country's altar. I miss the beautiful and boyish form of Perry, the darling of the Regiment, whose soul was always waked to ecstasy by the cannon's roar, and for whom the humming of bullets made music sweeter than the songs of birds.

The commanding form and eagle eye of Armstrong; the manly grace and open countenance of McWhorter; the young and gifted Hillyer, uniting in his person a woman's tenderness, a Hampton's chivalry and a sage's lore, have all gone from your midst forever.

The courtly Luckie and the gallant McCrea are no longer seen at the head of their companies.

The chivalrous Dennis fell by my side on the glorious field of Manassas, and died as he had lived—without fear and without reproach. But the day would not suffice to repeat the names and recount the virtues of our comrades who to-day fill a soldier's honored grave.

In the bloom of youth, with every pulse beating high, with health and hope, they have offered up their young lives, a rich sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism; but have they died too soon who died so well? To-day they sleep beneath the sod—unknelled, unconfined, but *not unsung*. When the granite shaft above their graves shall have crumbled into dust, their names and deeds will still

live in song and in story, and fair women will bedew their memory with tears and strew their graves with flowers.

“Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori.”

Let us, my comrades, who survive, cherish their memories and emulate their virtues. As the Angel of Death shall sound the recall from the battle of life for one and another, and our circle ever narrows from year to year, may the survivors be drawn into closer and closer bonds of union.

Let it ever be the proudest boast of your lives that while some of Georgia's sons—deaf to the calls of patriotism—sought only how to fill their coffers, and loved their gold more than their country's weal—that you were prompt to offer life and fortune in her defense. Wealth may vanish like the morning dew, but a rich legacy of glory and honor is reserved to your children forever.

“For gold the merchant plows the main,
The farmer plows the manor ;
But *glory* is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth, his honor.”

On behalf of the Regiment, Sergt. William D. Luckie, of the Athens Guards, (now Capt. of the Governor's Guards, of Atlanta), responded as follows :

Comrades—I came not here to-day to make a speech. I simply came to grasp in friendly and fraternal greeting the hands of my old companions in arms. I rise before you laboring under great embarrassment, for I remember that I take the place of one upon whose shoulders lies gracefully folded the mantle of eloquence, and whose fame and whose name for oratory have spread throughout Georgia's wide domain. Gallant sir, would that just for to-day I were possessed with a silver tongue, so that I might, in behalf of the survivors of the Third Georgia Regiment, express to you in fitting terms our grateful, heartfelt thanks for the kind and generous welcome you have so beautifully conveyed to us on the part of the citizens of Greene County.

Comrades, when I look around and about me upon your familiar faces my heart swells with joy and gratitude that I have been enabled to mingle with you this day. But when I remember Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and Sharpsburg, the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, Petersburg and the Crater of Hell ; when I remember that terrible retreat and Appomattox, my heart could weep tears of blood for those gallant spirits who so freely gave their lives to the cause we loved so well.

Comrades, where are they to-day? Go toward the sunrise; go to where Lee, our grand old hero, swept with his victorious banners across the valleys and over the mountains of Virginia; go to any and all of her fields made memorable by their baptism of fire and blood, and there you will find the mouldering bones of our brothers and comrades. And shall they have died in vain? Shall the principles for which they died be forever trampled in the dust? I tell you *no*. So sure as there is a God above us, so sure will they some time be vindicated. They were true and right, and they must triumph.

It may be that the burning fiery eloquence of Southern statesmen may prevail and lift them on high, or it may be—but we all love peace and detest war, and our prayer is that the white robed angel may forever brood over our land. But I feel assured if the time should ever come the Third Georgia Regiment will in the future as she has in the past, carve high in glory's temple an immortal name.

Comrades, ere another twelve months roll around some of us may have "passed over the river" and be resting "under the shade of the trees" with those immortal heroes who have gone before. Let us, therefore, so order our lives that when the last battle of life has been fought, when from the gloomy walls of the grave we have snatched and clothed ourselves in the robes of victory, when we have plucked the envenomed sting from the insatiable monster, when we have passed through the dark valley and across the murky waters, standing in the presence of our last great Judge, we may receive from the lips of Him, who spake as never man spake, the same salutation with which Georgia's sons and daughters greet us this day—"well done."

An intermission of a half hour was given, and Gardner's Band discoursed some stirring strains.

At 11 A. M., the veterans re-assembled, and Col. Claiborne Snead made the following historical address:

HISTORY OF THE THIRD GEORGIA REGIMENT, AND THE CAREER
OF ITS FIRST COMMANDER, GEN. AMBROSE R. WRIGHT.

My Comrades—Centuries ago a great explorer crossed an unknow sea, and traversed the hills and glens of a hitherto unexplored country. Ascending the tallest peak of the isthmus that connects the North with the South American Continent, the calm blue waters of the Pacific

burst upon his view, when, beckoning his companions to come and see what he had seen, he joyfully pointed to a new ocean dazzling in the sunlight of heaven. We are all explorers in this mundane sphere, passing over mountains and hills, through vales, down rivers, on and ever on to the great ocean of eternity. And while pausing this day in contemplation of a grand discovery—the glorious spectacle of the reunion of my comrades of the Third Georgia Regiment—I would that my voice could reach every veteran of the old Confederacy, *aye*, I would that it might ride on the wings of the wind and penetrate the confines of earth itself, and I would appeal to all mankind to come and see what I have seen and feel what I have felt.

Nine years ago that flag upon which the starry cross is now scarcely discernable ceased to wave over us. Darkened by smoke and torn by shot and shell, carried in triumph through every important battle of the historic Army of Northern Virginia, and never desecrated by the hands of an enemy, it went down in a blaze of glory at Appomattox. Through no fault of ours was it furled, and sorrowfully we parted for our homes, satisfied that the cause for which we had fought—the cause of separate independence—was finally overthrown. We indulged in no mawkish grief, no unmanly tears, but we felt a deep, agonizing sorrow at the loss of the dear cause for which we had struggled so hard and so long.

We believed our defeat undeserved, that it was an outrage on suffering humanity, a crime against civilization, a wrong without a parallel—so great a wrong that the earth should have been clothed in sackcloth and ashes in unison with the thunders and lightnings of heaven that knelled sympathizingly on that day on the demise of so sacred a cause. Nine years, however, have passed since the storm of war rolled over this land, leaving sad desolation in its track and many lowering clouds behind. Nine long, weary years have come and gone, filled with suffering and oppression, full of sorrow and unjust humiliation; and to-day, standing upon the soil and beneath the blue skies of our own loved Georgia, we are proud to recount the glorious history of the old organization and the immortal career of our first commander, Gen. A. R. Wright.

But while scanning your ranks with pride and pleasure, a feeling of sadness comes over me to which I must first give vent. I miss some of the brightest jewels that adorned your crown—some of the choicest spirits that ever went upon a field of battle in this or any other age.

Where are they? They rest upon the historic fields of their heroic fame. They have ferried over the dark stream that separates time from eternity, and there, upon the opposite bank, the gentle Sturges, the generous Walker, the knightly Hamilton, the cool Hayes, courtly Luckie, and a host of others, led on by the peerless Wright, who lately joined them, pass in review. To us, standing on this side of the river, they point to a career which, like the face of the sun, has nothing to blemish its beauty—a career that displays all that is noble and chivalric in man—a career so bright in their blood as to dazzle even the stars in brilliancy. Though their brave hearts beat no more, though their lips are forever closed, there comes wafted thence, sweet and sad as the murmur of falling waters amid flowery groves at eventide, a silent yet thrilling appeal to guard and perpetuate their memories. It is an appeal that reaches the heart and touches a responsive chord in the bosom of every true son of Georgia. And I would that I possessed all the ability necessary to a proper response thereto; I wish that for a moment I possessed the golden chain of Mercury—the fabled god of Eloquence—that I might tell what mortal heart feels, but what mortal tongue cannot adequately express. But this response can here be made: They have left their impress so indelibly stamped on the sands of time that the tramp of succeeding ages can never obliterate. Though the historian may not properly record, and the muses may fail to weave in poesy and song, all their glorious deeds, yet the waters of our near Oconee, which pass through the centre of that State they loved so fondly, and for which they died so nobly, ceasing to flow towards old ocean, may turn its course back to the mountains; the ocean itself in the circles of time may cease its rockings and its throbblings; but this generation and generations to come will never cease to remember their matchless valor.

In the early part of May, 1861, the following companies, constituting this regiment, assembled at the navy yard at Portsmouth for the purpose of organization: The Confederate Light Guards, commanded by Capt. E. J. Walker; the Wilkinson Rifles, by Capt. W. A. Bealle; the Brown Rifles, by Capt. R. B. Nisbet; the Athens Guards, by Capt. H. C. Billups; the Young Guards, by Capt. A. H. Lee; the Home Guards, by Capt. J. S. Reid; the Dawson Greys, by Capt. R. L. McWhorter; the Governor's Guards, by Capt. J. R. Griffin; the Burke Guards, by Capt. W. C. Musgrove, and the Blodgett Volunteers, by Capt. Foster Blodgett.

The election resulted in the choice of Ambrose R. Wright, for Colonel ; James S. Reid, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Augustus H. Lee, Major. W. W. Turner was selected as Adjutant.

C. H. Andrews was elected Captain of the Home Guards, *vice* Capt. Reid, promoted ; and John F. Jones, Captain of the Young Guards, *vice* Capt. Lee, promoted.

In a short time the Blodgett Volunteers were transferred from the regiment and the Clark County Rifles, commanded by Capt. Herndon, substituted in their place.

As thus constituted this was the first organized regiment of Georgians that stood upon the soil of Virginia to hurl back the threatened invasion of that noble old Commonwealth. They arrived upon the banks of the beautiful Elizabeth river before the secession of the State, and organized amid the smouldering fires and crumbling walls of Gosport Navy Yard. They were no band of adventurers, they were neither soldiers of fortune nor of pleasure, but the very flower of our youth, at the bidding of whose State they enlisted and cheerily went forth to meet the shock of battle, carrying with them their great hearts, every impulse of the soul and all the energies of their nature.

A few months thereafter the regiment, under the command of the lamented Wright, was sent up the Elizabeth river, and through the canal connecting the river with Albemarle sound, to reinforce Fort Hatteras, that was besieged by sea and by land. While *in transitu*, and when only four companies had arrived in Pamlico sound, the unwelcome tidings were received of the fall of the fort to which they were proceeding as a reinforcement. Hence they landed on Roanake Island, which, in a narrow strait between Pamlico and Albemarle sounds, guards the entrance to the latter, through which Norfolk and the whole of Northeastern North Carolina can be assailed. Here one day after the surrender of Fort Hatteras, and within two hours' sail of the enemy, solitary and unaided they planted the Confederate flag, and worked continuously for months—working by day, and the moon shining on or the darkness of night still enveloping them at work—building entrenchments and batteries at this and adjacent points for the protection of the inland coast of North Carolina.

On the 1st day of October, 1861, receiving information that a Federal steamer had been seen just south of the Island, Col. Wright at once determined to intercept and capture her ; displaying at the very commencement that

acuteness of forethought, wisdom in contriving and decision in acting, which rendered his subsequent career so brilliant. He improvised three small steamers, placed guns upon them and crews from the regiment to work them, took with him three companies armed with Enfield rifles—the Dawson Greys, the Governor's Guards and the Athens Guards—and with this force moved down the sound to attack the enemy. In less than two hours the object of the cruise was plainly seen; and when within range a brisk fire was opened, which was promptly responded to. Advancing rapidly, with the intention of grappling and boarding the foe that exhibited so much spirit in her responsive fire, when immediately her colors were struck, and then up to the mast-head went the Confederate flag amid deafening shouts of the victors. A crew of forty-nine men were captured, besides army stores including one thousand new overcoats, with which you decked yourselves on your triumphant return to Portsmouth. This was the first naval success in North Carolina, the first capture made by our arms of an armed vessel; and more than all, it was a naval victory achieved by infantry marines.

By the capture of this steamer, Fannie, it was ascertained that the enemy had established a camp at Chicamacomico, on Hatteras Island, forty miles from Fort Hatteras, and near the southern extremity of Roanoke Island. The Twentieth Indiana regiment had there gone into camp, whither the Fannie, when captured, was proceeding with commissary and quartermaster supplies; and it was evident the enemy intended the new position as a base of operations against Roanoke Island.

Col. Wright seeing a crisis at hand, and appreciating the danger of being isolated and attacked at a disadvantage, promptly determined to move forward and strike the first blow. Passing with his regiment down Pamlico sound, he arrived off Chicamacomico and about three miles therefrom, on the 6th day of October. Nearer to the shore they could not get because of the deep draft of the vessels, except the Cotton Plant, upon which Col. Wright, with three companies and two howitzers, commanded by Lieut. Sturges, proceeded two miles nearer, and then leaping out in the water advanced, wading a portion of the way up to their waists, and opening fire upon the enemy who stood in line of battle upon the beach twelve hundred strong, according to their muster roll. They retreated hastily and in great disorder in the direction of Fort Hatteras.

The most of our regiment effected a landing in the same

way as the three preceeding companies, when there commenced a chase which has been properly styled the Chicamacomico races—the enemy running pell-mell for twenty miles, and pursued with a loss to them of eight killed and forty-two captured. At one time Col. Wright, being in advance of the command, overtook the rear guard, who fired upon him, bringing down his horse; but with one hand seizing a small drummer boy that he held in front as a shield, and with pistol in the other hand, he advanced, capturing the Sergeant-Major and four others of his regiment. The daring and skill displayed by Col. Wright throughout the whole affair won the implicit confidence of his men, which he retained during the entire war.

This brilliant victory, achieved with the loss of one man, established at once the character of the regiment, and at the same time exploded the fallacious idea that the Western were superior to the Northern men of the Federal army. The truth is, there was no real difference between them, nor between them and us, except our *personel* as a body was somewhat better. We were one people, animated by the spirit of liberty and fighting for separate independence, possessing the dash, impetuosity and mercurial temperament peculiar to all Southerners of the Caucasian race. They had the coolness, steadiness and preservance common to all Northern climes, and inspired with the cry of the old flag and the Union, were fighting for our subjugation, and made drafts upon Europe, Asia and Africa to accomplish the result. That was all the difference. Major General Huger, the department commander, appreciating the self-sacrificing devotion and arduous labors of men hitherto little accustomed to manual work, and with all the signal gallantry—approaching moral sublimity—lately displayed at Chicamacomico and in the capture of the steamer Fannie, ordered them back to Portsmouth, which they entered, welcomed by waving handkerchiefs, by martial strains and by roaring cannon. Rome, in her palmyest days, never gave her conquering legions a grander triumph than was awarded the Third Georgia Regiment on that day by the sons and daughters of Virginia.

After the departure of the Third Georgia Regiment, Roanoke Island fell a prey to Burnside, who attacked it with overwhelming land and naval forces; and thus the whole of Northeastern North Carolina, and even Portsmouth by way of Dismal Swamp Canal, was thrown open to the attacks of the enemy. Hence this regiment was

sent to the head of the canal, and was scattered in companies from Elizabeth river to South Mills, to watch and resist any invasion that might be made. Your commander here engaged in an expedition which more than any feat of arms attested his devotion to country and his willingness to die if need be an ignominious death in her service. A large force of the enemy occupied Elizabeth City, and it was of the utmost importance to ascertain their numbers and intentions. In the emergency, Col. Wright, accompanied by Maj. Lee, went forth to perform the dangerous duty. Eluding the enemy's picket, they entered the city disguised as citizens, where they remained for several hours conversing with Federal soldiers, from whom the desired information was obtained. In the silent vigils of the night they made their way out of the lines, and at once prepared to anticipate the coming storm, destined in a few days to culminate in a glorious victory to our arms at Sawyer's Lane.

It will be borne in mind that Pasquotank river is at the head of Dismal Swamp Canal, and runs into Albemarle sound at Elizabeth City. The Third Georgia Regiment, with a battery of Western Virginians, under the command of Capt. McComas, were on the southern side of the river, scattered, as I said before, at a distance of fourteen miles. The enemy, shelling Elizabeth City and the banks on the southern side as a feint, moved up the river in transports, landing a brigade of six regiments and a battery, under command of Gen. Reno, on the northern side, near Camden Court House, on the 19th of April, 1862, with the intention of coming up to and crossing at South Mills—thus to cut us entirely off, for there is no other outlet through Dismal Swamp.

But Col. Wright, no way disconcerted, with the battery of artillery, supported by the Dawson Greys, the Home Guards, the Brown Rifles and Burke Guards, boldly advanced out two miles from South Mills to meet the foe. With the military perceptions of a true soldier, he selected for the battle field Sawyer's lane, which runs perpendicular to the Camden Court House road, up which the enemy were advancing, dense woods being in the rear and with open fields in front. And so that the enemy might have no protection in their advance, some houses were burned in front, and fences, after being torn down, were thrown into ditches, running parallel to our lines, and fired. Sending hurriedly Major Lee for the Young Guards and Athens Guards that were left to burn Pasquotank bridge,

and for the other companies that had to march several miles to reach the field, calmly he went before that small band, and disguising nothing, truthfully told them of the numbers of the enemy and the dangers which environed them. There he stood like a god of war, inspiring them with his own intrepid spirit and unflinching courage, as his voice rang out along the line clear as the notes of a bugle: "Though you may fight ten times your number, nothing is impossible with men like you determined to conquer or die."

At mid-day the enemy made their appearance, marching by the flank in files of four at a *route* step, when Capt. McComas opened with his artillery, firing *ricochet* shots down the road. Immediately deploying into line, they moved forward in columns of regiments to take the battery. First one regiment and then another was put forward, until three separate and distinct charges were made, and as many times were they driven back in great confusion. Finally, the last charge was being made by the Hawkins Zouave Regiment of New York. Dressed in crimson uniforms, they steadily moved on in splendid order, with heads erect, carrying their arms at a trail and firing not a gun. They come within one hundred yards of the battery, which seems to be lost.

Well do I remember that memorable moment as the gallant Lieut. Col. Reid directed the company I had the honor to command (the Confederate Light Guards) to their position, who in fact led all the rest of the reserves to their posts. Just before reaching the lines the pulseless form of the chivalric McComas met our gaze as it was being carried off the field, and the agonizing cry of his men pierced our ears, "Boys, save our battery," as they were trying to limber up the guns to prevent capture. Colonel Wright, in his shirt sleeves, throwing up his cap high away in the air, cried out, "Hurrah boys, give them —."

Gathering strength for one supreme effort, this regiment heroically hurled back an entire brigade, killing and wounding over one hundred. Our loss was twelve wounded and five killed—the latter I here record, for their names deserve to be written in letters of gold: Private Mallory, of the Burke Guards; Private Lowrey, of the Clark County Rifles; and Privates May and Widener, of the Confederate Light Guards; and Private Deas, of the Wilkinson Rifles.

These brave comrades fell upon a battle field where victory perched upon our banner, notwithstanding the most

fearful odds and under the most galling fire. In proportion to the numbers and *personel* respectively engaged on each side, it is unsurpassed by any engagement of the war. It is unexcelled by any of the conflicts of man ranging back even to the morning of time.

The regiment again reorganized by the election of the following commanding officers of companies: Confederate Light Guards, Captain Walker; Wilkinson Rifles, Captain Waters; Carswell Guards, Captain Carswell; Brown Rifles, Captain Nisbet; Athens Guards, Captain Billups; Young Guards, Captain Jones; Home Guards, Captain Andrews; Dawson Grays, Captain Grier; Governor's Guards, Captain Hamilton; Burke Guards, Captain Corker; and the Clarke County Rifles, Captain McCrea. Ambrose R. Wright was elected Colonel; James S. Reid, Lieutenant Colonel, and John R. Sturges, Major.

Many changes and mutations in rank subsequently occurred from disease and from death and wounds in battle; line officers being promoted to field offices, and privates rising to the rank of Lieutenants, Captains and to the position of Adjutant of the regiment. Heretofore I have given a detailed history of its operations while an independent command in the Department of Norfolk; but now I shall be more general, for upon the evacuation of that department our commander was soon promoted to a Brigadier General, and we became a part of Wright's celebrated brigade, merging our individuality into that of the grand army of the sainted Lee. Your fame henceforth became theirs, and their glory yours. You gained still greater renown by your gallantry, as well as by the increased lustre reflected from the union of the whole patriot band, which from that time till the end was like the waters of the great ocean—but one.

Passing over the fight at Frazier's Farm, in front of Richmond—where you drove back for more than a mile the 16th Massachusetts Regiment, killing eighteen and capturing a score or more, mourning yourselves the loss of five, I come to a general engagement, the first in which you participated, but one that severely tried the souls of all.

The division to which we were attached (Huger's), after marching and countermarching on the Williamsburg and Charles City roads, and *vice versa*, number-

less times for one day, and on the next going through the same provoking and bootless task in the jungles of White Oak swamp, thus letting McClellan slip through the net work contrived by the genius of Lee for his capture, on the afternoon of the third day—the memorable 1st of July, 1862—you reached the deep and woody ravine at the foot of Malvern Hill. The winds moving to and fro these giant oaks were soon destined to whisper sad requiems to departed heroes, while the rippling rivulet, meandering therethrough, was to change color as it commingled its waters with some of the best blood of Georgia. Except Holmes' division, in isolated woods two miles and a half off, Wright's brigade was on the extreme right of the army, and for some reason unexplained found itself subject to the orders of Maj. Gen. Magruder, who immediately gave the order—"Charge!" Not a single gun up to this moment had been fired on either side. To this order Gen. Wright protested that it meant simply destruction, for it was not within the power of man with his little brigade to stand much less to assail to any advantage the infantry and artillery of McClellan on the heights beyond, which he had reconnoitered. But no, the order must be obeyed. Up the hill side and through the intervening trees you moved to the open space—a wide clover plain with no risings or undulations as far as the eye could discern, and dotted with neither tree nor shrub—running up to the crest of the hill studded over with fifty pieces of artillery, when immediately a lurid flame burst forth, causing the very earth to tremble beneath your feet, and knelling the departure of souls for eternity.

Though the order must be obeyed, yet General Wright, seeing that it was impossible to pursue it literally in that direction, ordered the brigade back to the woods, where amid bursting shell and falling trees he filed to the right for some distance, coming out again into the open plain in a hollow, unobserved, and three hundred yards nearer the enemy.

The command being again given to charge, your commander, Maj. Sturges, remarked to a captain: "I have a presentiment that I shall not survive this charge, but I am willing to die for my country." The accomplished Hamilton, conversing with me, said: "This is *murder*, but nevertheless I will stand it," at the same time buttoning up his coat and putting on his gloves

as if to prepare for interment. At the very commencement of the charge the former fell pierced through the brain, while the latter, fearlessly entering the fiery ordeal, was consumed by it. Closing up the gaps as fast as they were made you still moved on, nearing the guns of the enemy, when they limbered up and then suddenly there arose out of a hollow in front a long line of infantry that poured in a destructive fire. There the conflict raged for a full half hour, when finally they were rolled back and you occupied the ground from which they were driven. About this time, far on our left, Cobb's brigade, Toomb's brigade and brigade after brigade were seen deploying into line, and the firing became general along the front of McClellan's position. The sun went down and the moon rose upon you in possession of the field you had so gallantly won, every other brigade except Mahone's having retired to some convenient position to renew the fight next morning. Major-General Magruder, in an official letter of the 6th of July, after alluding particularly to "the military skill and intrepidity" of General Wright, says, this and Mahone's Brigade "occupied and slept upon the field of battle which was won from the enemy." But more than the testimony of one man or a dozen commanders, the detailed list of casualties—143 killed and wounded—made out by Adjutant Walter Perry, speak in thunder tones of the gallantry and sacrifices of the Third Georgia on that eventful day.

In less than two months you were on the historic field of Manassas, fighting nearly over the same ground where the lamented Bartow fell the year previous. Oh, that our entire people had been animated with the unconquerable spirit of the noble martyr who uttered the parting sentiment, "Never give it up. I am dying. I look over this to distant fields where 'the brave will tremble and the pious even doubt the favor of God.' Never give up this battle, and never tire in succeeding conflicts till the cause is finally won."

Several brigades having been repulsed and driven out of the woods at the point where Gen. Wright with his brigade was ordered in, you not only held your position, but actually drove the enemy through the woods and over a field in the rear. Your loss in killed and wounded was thirty-two. Major A. B. Montgomery, your commander, after being shot in

the thigh, remained on the field the entire day and following night, displaying great coolness and fortitude.

Rapidly followed Sharpsburg—the third general battle—in less than three months.

Before becoming actually engaged, you moved forward under artillery fire more than a mile, when coming to a picket fence in an apple orchard, immediately to the left of Sharpsburg, it was torn down in less time than consumes to tell it, and you were brought to close quarters with the foe. Gen. Wright, while fearlessly leading the brigade under a shower of grape on the right flank and musketry in front, was shot in the breast and thigh, and forced by his men in a litter from the field. Yet a further charge was made, causing the enemy to break and run, in which Lieut. Col. Nisbet and Adjutant Perry fell at the head of the regiment; the former seriously wounded, and the latter mortally, being riddled by seven balls.

From recent excessive marches through Virginia and Maryland and (immediately previous to the fight) during the entire night from Harper's Ferry to Shepardstown and in the morning, without scarcely a halt, this regiment was reduced to one hundred and thirty-eight men, seventy-two of whom were killed and wounded. It was by far the most sanguinary battle of the war, in proportion to the numbers engaged, and was a decided victory, as the object for which it was fought was accomplished—to draw the army and its trains safely from Maryland.

In the order of succession the next battle was that of Chancellorsville, commencing on the 2d of May, 1863, and continuing for several days.

Gen. Wright, under the immediate supervision of Stonewall Jackson, moved his brigade on the left of the plank road leading from Fredericksburg to Chancellorsville, with his right resting thereon—the Third Georgia Regiment being deployed in front as skirmishers, pushed forward, driving the enemy a mile and a half to their outer line of works. Carrying the rest of the brigade two miles on the west to “the Furnace,” which was threatened, this regiment was left in their advanced position in the woods, where it contended with a whole brigade till sunset brought relief, holding its ground even against one attack made in column of regiments.

The next day Jackson's men moved in a long, steady

stream by the left flank to gain the enemy's right and rear. The sight of the Southern Achilles, as he sat on his charger, with india rubber coat, and cap drawn down on his face, quickly moving those thin lips and flashing a piercing eye as he gave his directions, awakened the unbounded admiration of all, to whom the very presence of Jackson was a precursor of victory. On the morning of the third day, amid the booming of guns on the distant left, coming slowly but gradually nearer, General Wright moved the brigade forward on the line of breastworks that had an *abattis* of fallen timbers in front, while behind was a large force with heavy batteries to protect them by direct and flanking fires.

This was one of the severest fights for an hour, the enemy pouring in a terrific fire of grape, canister and schrapnel. But the roaring of Jackson's cannon coming still nearer and louder on the enemy's right, you charged the breastworks, driving them back to their second line of trenches—rifle pits in the field around the Chancellorsville House. From these you were momentarily repulsed in endeavoring to enter; but just here Jackson, having opened fire on our immediate left with a strong battery of long range guns, the brigade moved forward in column of regiments—with the Third Georgia in front—leaped the rifle pits and drove the enemy from the field. Here our commander, Maj. Jones, had an arm shot off just at the time when the Seventeenth Connecticut, with its Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel and Adjutant, were captured by two companies of this regiment.

While the army was victorious around Chancellorsville, Sedgwick's Corps, fourteen miles below, had captured Marye's Heights, and were advancing in our rear. But Gen. Lee turned upon him with two of his victorious divisions, and attacked him on the high range of hills along the plank road above Fredericksburg.

Wright's brigade, being formed around the base of the hill leading up to Dowman's house, made a decisive charge under the eyes of General Lee, which was highly complimented by him. The loss of this regiment in all, killed and wounded, was ninety-two.

This was the most glorious victory of the war. Fought upon a field of the enemy's own choosing and against odds of at least three to one, it shed undying

lustre upon the immortal Lee. Attacked in front and rear by overwhelming numbers, but rising to the height of the occasion, like a tiger at bay, he first springs on one and then on the other, until finally there he stands,

“ Like some tall cliff whose awful form,
Swells in the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head.”

Passing through Virginia and Maryland into Pennsylvania, on the 3d of July, 1863, we come to the field of Gettysburg—the Barodino of the war. Like that dread field in Russia which lost to Napoleon his magnificent empire, this caused our fortunes to wane and our arms to gradually fall.

Standing on a ridge, we could see a long range of hills, running parallel to our position, occupied by masses of infantry and artillery, with an intervening space of what seemed to be a level plain. At 5:30 o'clock General Wright ordered an advance down through the woods into the open fields below. Rushing down the hill-side into a valley broken into small ridges and hollows, we were greeted by a sheet of fire rolling out from the opposite side, the smoke extending and ascending until it darkened the rays of the sun. But on we moved, scarcely seeing one hundred yards ahead, across the Emmetsburg road, until you came to a rock fence, from behind which a fire of musketry riddled your serried ranks. Leaping over it, seizing artillery horses, shooting down the riders and cutting the traces from the caissons, you press on over these guns up to the crest of the hill, where thirteen other pieces of artillery are captured—thus cutting entirely in twain the army of Mead. If the same advance had been made on our left a different history might have been written wherein Gettysburg, instead of being “the Illiad of our woes,” would have been the Salamis and Marathon of our independence. But without help and having penetrated too far, assailed on the right, on the left, in front and partly in our rear, we were pushed back down the hill—this regiment losing in killed, wounded and captured, at least one-half of its number.

Papers in Virginia about the time and since have lauded Picket's Division as having made *the charge*, going farther over this very ground than any other

body of men. And while I would not, if I could, detract *one iota* from that grand division or pluck one leaf from its well earned crown, yet it is due to the vindication of the truth of history to say that they did not even get to the rock fence much less to the heights beyond, over which Wright's brigade passed on the preceding day. If there is any doubt, here is the testimony of one who knew, and who dealt out impartial justice to his followers:

General Lee, in his official report says: "Wilcox and Wright's brigades advanced with great gallantry, breaking successive lines of infantry, and compelling him (the enemy) to abandon much of his artillery. Wilcox reached the foot, and *Wright gained the crest of the ridge itself, driving the enemy down the opposite side.*"

In this connection, I will state from my own personal knowledge, received from the lips of Gen Lee, that he knew and recognized as well merited your fame as a regiment. In passing through Augusta to Florida a short time before his death, whither he was going with the vain hope of recruiting a shattered constitution and a broken heart, I remarked to him: "General, all Georgians feel attached to you, and so far as the regiment is concerned which I once had the honor to command—the 'Third Georgia—their attachment simply amounts to worship." "Ah, (he replied, the tears gathering in his eyes), I remember them well; they were a part of Wright's Brigade. Say to them that I shall never cease to love them."

Here I bid farewell to our friend and lamented first commander, for, being a captive myself for several months, during which time he became a Major-General and was sent to the South Atlantic coast, I never again saw him in the heat and smoke of battle. With no wish to disturb him, I leave him in his glory, among our other comrades, free from the pains and trials and troubles of this transitory life. "Take him, for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: *This was a man!*"

Passing through Manassas Gap, where Walker fell; over the Wilderness, Cold Harbor and other battles around Petersburg, where Luckie, McCrea and others left us forever, down to Farmville where, on the day

before the surrender at Appomattox, under my command you charged, seized and dragged from the very lines of the enemy a regiment of Pennsylvanians—I have reached the end of my story. But one thing more is necessary to close the record up—a special reference to the privates and non-commissioned officers who, for four long years, fearlessly trod the path of duty with a devotion and fidelity equal to that of the Imperial Guards of Napoleon or the Tenth Legion of Cæsar.

Days of romance are filled with incidents where knights have performed “deeds of emprise,” or crossed lances beneath the smiles of some fair lady, who stood with wreath in hand to deck the victor’s brow; while with no less of the romantic but more of the terrible Napoleon in all his majesty, stood at Jena, at Ulm and at Austerlitz, to reward with his Imperial Eagle and the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the most daring of his battalions; but where on earth’s green surface can be found a brighter spectacle than that of the private or non-commissioned officer who, in many instances, without the chances of promotion or honors of office, rushed onward with a sheet of fire blazing in his face, keeping only in view the banner of the army to which he was attached and the liberties of his country? Such fidelity not only deserves the praise of man, but merits that of angels and of God. Life is but a fleeting span, and I know not whether mine will be brief or extended, but whether long or short, I ask for no higher honor than the continued friendship of such men. In the language of Ruth to Naomi: “Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

A few words as to the future and I have done.

The past we cannot recall, our destinies we cannot change; then as reasonable men let us make the most we can of the situation. This is a great country as it is. With a national story so brief in existence as scarcely to reach the name of history, with forty millions of people spread over an immense territory, with boundless resources wooing the attention of enterprise, the world of mind and matter moving on as it has never moved; this country is destined at some future day to eclipse the glories of the Grecian and Roman

Empires. It is our property, for we have a fee simple title as tenants in common with the people of all the States. We have a full share in the common heritage of Yorktown and Saratoga, of Entaw and Bunker Hill, of New Orleans and Lunday's Lane, of Buena Vista and Churubusco. If one section proudly points to their esteemed statesmen, Webster and Douglas, with equal pride we can point to our Clay and Calhoun; and if they will lift the veil of our late civil war, and refer in terms of admiration to the greatest living soldier, U. S. Grant, with a holy pride we can refer to a *peer*, whose purity was like the snow flake, while his genius flashed as the sunbeam, Robert E. Lee.

Grave differences we have arising out of the late civil war, but, having an abiding confidence in the integrity of purpose of mankind in general, when the passions subside and reason resumes her sway, I believe all the differences will be finally settled upon principles of equity and justice. Such is the history of Spain after the junction of the houses of Castile and Arragon; such of England after her war of the roses; such of France after Robespierre and the carnival of the Septembrisers; and such of Austria after the subjugation of Hungary.

We can not constitute an exception to all people of all ages, and remain forever the victims of continuous wrong and oppression. No! my comrades, justice, acting under the inspiration of Divinity, that doeth all things well, will again resume her throne; and while greeting her in a genuine spirit of conciliation, coupled with a firm adherence to principle, I would invoke that

“Dread power! whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretched to shield the honored land!
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire;
May every son be worthy of his sire;
Bold may she brave grim danger's loudest roar,
Till fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.”

It was nearly 2 o'clock P. M. when this admirable and interesting address was completed. At its close the assembly proceeded to the six long tables spread in the north-western portion of the Fair Grounds and piled with an ample barbacue given in compliment to the veterans by the Dawson Grays and the citizens of Greene County. The regiment formed, under command of Col. Snead, and the tables were approached thus: The survivors of the Third Georgia Regiment in two ranks, the soldiers from other commands, the ladies, then the (gentlemen) citizens, opening ranks and taking places in reverse order at each of the tables.

The half dozen tables were promptly surrounded and valiantly attacked, most excellent appetites causing a brave charge, before which mutton, veal, pig, beef, turkeys, chickens, cakes and all manner of delicate edibles, yielded after a brief resistance.

When the princely feast was over, Col. Snead called attention to the regular toasts, which he announced in order, with responses, as follows :

First Regular Toast.—Robert E. Lee—The noblest Roman of them all. Responded to by Capt S. A. Corker, who said :

Comrades and Gentlemen—Coming down step by step through the ages, and stoping to contemplate the history of the governments of civilized man, it will be found that all yet created present a page in which is recounted a great upheaval—a wasting war—a ground swell—which swept over them, leaving behind little to admire save the greatness developed in the individual character of some Cæsar, Cromwell or Napoleon. Such an upheaval, such a war, swept over the short-lived Confederate States of America, and such a character, with still greater lustre than they, was Robert E. Lee. In contemplating the career of that government, and the glory of that peerless soldier, there rises to the mind's eye a grandeur of collective heroism in her people, and a sublime goodness and greatness in her Lee, unapproached and unapproachable, by anything either in ancient or modern times. And their history, their greatness and glory, are indissolubly bound

together, and so mingled, present a spectacle which, for the intensity of its brightness, in the usually dark background of the history of countries, and the unquiet, restless and ever-recurring ignoble ambition of men, causes them to stand without a rival. Such a country! Such a man! If the character of the latter had been the only legacy it gave to posterity, it would for that alone be imperishable. He having been its servant, a general of its armies, perpetuates his memory, and would alone have made him immortal. But he did not stop there. In the splendor of his genius and the purity of his nature he spread a halo of renown over the pages of her history she would not have obtained without him. Great in war, he was not less so in peace. His unselfish nature prevented him from appropriating the numberless opportunities presented to enrich himself, and spurned with disdain and an indifference unappreciated by ordinary minds the objects which are usually the objective points of the ordinary ambition of men.

When the Southern Confederacy went down in blood, and all was lost in one universal ruin, his acts, his demeanor, his uncomplaining self-sacrificing spirit, seemed to say daily to his fallen suffering countrymen, "I am alone to blame, let all the consequences rest on my shoulders." Noble, generous patriot! great and mighty genius! may thy virtues ever stand a beacon-light to thy countrymen; and if thy beloved Virginia, and the South, should ever again, by the providence of God, gird on her armor and strike for home and freedom, may another Lee rise up to lead her armies, and guide the councils of her cabinet.

Comrades! in conclusion I pray you imitate his virtues and example; let it ever be said of the soldiers of Lee, that they are self-denying and great of soul. If any man shall attract attention by the purity of his life, his energy, his activity, his greatness, let it be said "he belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia; he is one of Lee's old soldiers."

Second Regular Toast.—The Third Georgia—The first Georgia Regiment on Virginia soil. Responded to by Capt. C. H. Andrews, who said:

Comrades—In response to the sentiment, I will say the Third Georgia Regiment was called into service by Gov. Brown, on the 23d of April, 1861, to rendezvous

at Augusta, Ga., to be there equipped, and under command of the senior captain, proceed to Richmond, and there elect field officers. The Home Guards, from Madison, reached Augusta on the 26th of April, and each Rail Road train after that brought in the remainder of the regiment. Two companies, (I think the Blodgett Volunteers, and the Confederate Light Guards,) being organized in Augusta, were mustered into service first, and proceeded to Richmond. The Burke Guards, and the Home Guards, were mustered into service on the 2nd of May, and reached Norfolk the night of the 4th. The companies in Richmond, and those *en route*, were ordered to Norfolk. On the 8th of May, an election was held for field officers. The Fourth Georgia Regiment was called into service at the same time, and elected field officers at Norfolk on the same day we did, but companies of the 3d were the first to reach Virginia, and as a command all of its companies were the first there to compose a regiment. The Second Georgia Battalion, of four companies, were organized, and at Norfolk before us.

As the sentiment is to the Third Georgia Regiment, it may not be amiss for me to say more than these historical facts. Much has been said of the gallant services of the regiment, and of the high character of its commanders. Let me illustrate by an incident how highly Gen. Wright esteemed you, the rank and file of his old command. In response to a serenade given him at Orange Court House, in August, 1863, in glowing words he recounted to us the services done, and in conclusion expressed his regard for us. He said: "I heard of how you cursed me for telling Girardy, at Chancellorsville, when he asked me how to form the brigade for the fight, and I told him to put the Third Georgia in front and keep it there. I had raised you up as it were, had trained you, had tried you, and had never found you wanting. I looked upon you as men who would stand by me under all circumstances, and I would not be afraid to trust you in any danger. I knew Hooker had an army of at least 120,000, and Gen. Lee had 42,000 to oppose him, and as we were situated we had to conquer or die. My faith in you was vindicated during those several days of hard fighting. But, as you cursed me for putting you where the best men were needed, I will make a bargain with you to night. If you will desert

me on the next field of battle, I'll agree never to put you in the front again. Will you do it?" "No! No! No!" rang through those old woods, and was echoed among the blood-stained hills of Virginia.

Third Regular Toast.—Col. Claiborne Snead—Its last commander. Responded to by Capt. D. N. Sanders, who said :

Though I have never developed any talent for speech-making, I would be at no loss for words in responding to the toast just read, were it not for the presence of my gallant friend, who is distinguished for his modesty as for his courage. In his presence, I know not what I can say that shall be at all equal to his merits, without bringing the blush to cheeks which the enemy's guns could never make to change color. Beleiving that his first allegiance was due to Georgia, he awaited not the second call to offer life and fortune in her defense. Volunteering in the first Georgia regiment which marched to repel the invader from Virginia soil, he rose on his merits from the rank of a Sub-Lieutenant, to the command of his regiment. He was not more distinguished for gallantry on the field, than for courtesy in the camp. Sheathing his sword, only at the command of our immortal chieftain, he led back to Georgia his noble regiment, with its ranks unbroken by desertion and a record inferior to that of no battalion that wore the gray.

During the dark days of reconstruction he struggled manfully to preserve the State from the horde of thieves and adventurers bent upon her bankruptcy, both in wealth and honor. In every position of life he has proved himself, a worthy son of his noble mother State. And, to-day, as a soldier, as a citizen, as a statesman, Georgia points to him with pride as a representative son.

Fourth Regular Toast.—Stonewall Jackson—The Lion of the Valley. Responded to by Capt. J. W. Mathews, who said :

I might well add the Bonaparte of our army, the christian hero, the pride of the South.

The name of Stonewall Jackson will never die, but will ever live, wreathed in a halo of glory, and deeply imbedded in the hearts of his countrymen.

As an enemy, to be dreaded, as a friend, trusted ;

in the valley to-day, on the mountain top to-morrow ; wherever Stonewall Jackson led, victory followed.

His name will ever live to add new lustre to our cause, a lustre that will brighten as ages roll on.

Our children's children, in years to come, will sing peons of praise to the noble character, gallant chivalry and unsurpassed heroism of Stonewall Jackson, the Lion of the Valley.

Fifth Regular Toast.—Jefferson Davis—The gnarled oak may break, but never bends. Responded to by Maj. John F. Jones, who said :

Comrades and Friends—It affords me pleasure to respond to the toast assigned me. For his greatness I loved him, and he alone understood the magnitude and glory of our cause ; magnanimous in the hour of victory, great in the night of our defeat.

Like the monarch of the forest, our leader bared his breast to the storms of war, and last of that noble band, he suffered the pains of the bastille, that the principles of our cause, and the deeds of the battle-scarred veterans who so nobly illustrated the South on a thousand fields of combat, might be embalmed in the memory of rising generations.

He, the head of our government, and he only, represented to the last the idea of our people, "never to abandon our cause," but fight to the last extremity ; but fate decreed it to be against us, our cause lost, our hopes crushed, our confederation overthrown. But of the Hon. Jeff. Davis, I can but say—

"Like some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
Swells to the gale and midway meets the storm ;
Though around its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head."

Sixth Regular Toast.—Our Heroic Dead—Response by Sidney Herbert, editor of the *Troy Messenger*, Troy, Ala., and a Major and A. D. C. in the Federal army during the late war, who spoke as follows :

Mr. President and Fellow-Soldiers—I should be false to the high sentiments of esteem which I have ever entertained for those great captains of your late armies—Lee, Jackson and Sidney Johnson—were I to fail to respond to your very kind invitation to pay a tribute to the heroic dead of the "Lost Cause." I believe in the fitness of things, and if I did not think I was the right

man in the right place, on this occasion, I should most positively decline to fill the responsible position you have seen fit to assign me in your order of exercises. But there are three reasons why I feel no reluctance in accepting the duty imposed upon me at this time, where sorrow and regret mingle with joy and gladness, softening the emotions of our hearts and giving to the words that fall from our lips a mournful tenderness; joy, that so many are spared to be here to-day to clasp again each others' hands, and sorrow, that a host of noble comrades are beyond the reach of any earthly voice to summons them to a reunion of the veterans of the late war. In soldier-graves, widely separated, their battle-scarred bodies await the general resurrection of the dead, that grandest and most sublime of all reunions, when their scattered bones, from ocean shore and from mountain side, from lowly valley and from towering hill, shall be gathered up and rehabilitated in human flesh, and shall stand unmaimed, unscarred, and with strength renewed, in the presence of the great Captain of our Salvation.

"So noble in their lives, in death
More noble still, they do not need
A song, or panegyric wreath,
Or any praiseful meed.
God's peace be theirs, where'er they sleep,
Throughout our wide and fair domain,
And may a grateful people keep
Their memories from stain."

My first reason for responding to your invitation, lies in the fact, that during the four years of war, I stood face to face, on the battle field, with thousands of the heroic Southern dead whose memory you are to-day called upon to honor and to perpetuate. I am able, therefore, to speak in more decided terms, and without restraint, of their unequalled fidelity, unflinching fortitude and fearless courage, throughout the long and unequal contest. Never did soldiers stand firmer and closer in line of battle, or meet death more unshrinkingly, than did the gallant heroes who rallied beneath the flag for whose supremacy they went forth to battle, and in whose defence they so cheerfully and unhesitatingly sacrificed their lives in the face of a powerful and well supplied enemy. Well may I adopt the language of my old friend, Gen. Chamberlain, in his Address to our Society of the Army of the Potomac, where he says: "That Army of Northern

Virginia—who can help looking back upon them now with feelings half fraternal? Ragged and reckless, yet careful to keep their bayonets bright, and lines of battle well dressed; reduced to dire extremity at times, yet always ready for a fight; rough and rude, yet knowing well how to make a field illustrious. Who can forget them—the brave, bronzed faces that looked at us for four years across the flaming pit—men with whom, in a hundred fierce grapples, we fought, with remorseless desperation and all the terrible enginery of death, till on the one side and on the other a quarter of a million fell; and yet we never hated them, except that they struck at the old flag. Main force against main force—there was good reason why—when valor like that was exhausted—the sun should go down on thousands *dead*, but not one *VANQUISHED*.” This, Mr. President, is the sentiment of every true soldier then in that grand old Army of the Potomac, created, disciplined and made ready for other hands to control in its final victories, by that splendid soldier and Christian statesman, Major General George B. McClellan. Fellow-soldiers, this is a the tribute of praise that we who wore the Blue, and who fully tested your fidelity, your courage and your perseverance, pay to your dead comrades, who at your side and in your ranks, proudly and faithfully, even to their death, wore the Gray. And be assured, that whatever may be said here on earth,

“None will ask in yonder Heaven,
Where smiles eternal day,
Why this one wore the Northern Blue,
Or that, the Southern Gray.”

My second reason for responding being a good one, I shall also state it. The Ladies' Memorial Association of Pike County, Alabama, my present home, saw fit to select me as the historian of their society, and for months past I have devoted all my spare moments to the duties of that office. No county in the South contributed truer, braver soldiers, or more of them according to population, to the Confederate cause, than did this grand old county, whose long list of killed in battle, and died in service, is the best testimony that can be given to the patriotism of her sons in the hour of their country's peril. As I have gathered up the memorials of these fallen braves, the son in early manhood, the husband in the prime of life, and the aged

father, not to speak of the brave beardless boys whose youthful ardor sent them so early to the field, my heart has felt deeply grieved that we who wore the Blue, and who fought against these noble fellows with such fatal results, had not then known more of the true character of our enemies. How unselfishly they loved the cause they so ardently espoused ! How patiently they bore the hardships of long and weary marches ! How fearlessly and with what hopefulness they always met the foe ! They had loved ones at home to think of and to long to see again in the flesh ! they had aspirations and expectations for the future, that they desired to have gratified ! they prayed for peace to come, that they might return to their homes and to their dear ones ; but above all these—bright, clear and unshaken—was their devotion to the flag under which they had gone forth to battle for Southern Independence. This it was, not love of fame, nor a desire for military glory, that led them to meet death unshrinkingly at the cannon's mouth and at the bayonet's point. All honor to such noble heroes ! Hardly a score of the already recorded eight hundred of her dead lie buried beneath her own soil ; but in the hearts of the true and patriotic women of Pike County, their names and their heroic deeds are enshrined, and the glorious record of them will be handed down to future generations. Their bodies lie scattered over every battle field upon which the contending armies met in deadly conflict ; and although it is true that

“ No marble o'er their low-laid heads
 Points to the sunny sky
 To tell the ages yet to be
 How they dared to do and die ;
 Still in our hearts their story lives,
 And we'll guard the sacred trust,
 When marble shafts and graven words
 Have crumbled into dust.”

My third reason for responding to your call may seem, to many here present, to be the most appropriate. I have in my hand a beautiful original poem, written for the Ladies Memorial Association of Pike County, Alabama, by Prof. Fletcher J. Cowart, of Brundidge, in memory of “ *Our Heroic Southern Dead*,” which I propose to read to you, and which cannot fail, by its tender pathos and its majestic measure, to impress every heart present here to-day, with its patriotic sentiments. It asks, in thrilling rhyme, an all important question :

Can we forget our heroic dead? This question is followed by a tender appeal for the proper and full recognition of their deathless fame, while the last verse most appropriately declares that these fallen heroes *shall not be forgotten*. But I will let the gifted poet speak to you in his own words :

Harp of the Southland, though thy strings are broken,
And silence decks thee with her cypress wreath,
Yet give to me one low, funereal token,
A wail for the brave hearts now stilled in death.

How can we see the pall of silence settle
O'er names whose lustre should be ever bright—
The heroes stricken in the storm of battle,
Struggling for home, for kindred, and the Right!

O let their deeds, in deathless song and story,
Be cherished always with a mournful pride;
Let unborn millions swell the strain of Glory—
How hard they struggled and how nobly died.

In far Virginia many a one is lying,
Old Georgia's hills are white with bleaching bones,
And cold the ocean's restless waves are sighing
Above the bier of loved and noble ones.

Shall the sad breezes of the pitying heaven
Around their low graves be the only dirge?
And to the sea's dead shall no rites be given
Except the thunder of the ocean surge?

Shall we, for whom they suffered, bled, and perished,
Oblivion's mantle o'er their memory throw?
Nor hold their deeds as treasures proudly cherished?
Nor pay the debt of honor that we owe?

No! it shall be our ever sacred duty
Upon their names with honors due to wait;
To yearly deck their graves with floral beauty,
While tongue and pen rehearse their tragic fate.

In conclusion, Mr. President, I desire to express my intense gratification at the prospect of a general observance of "DECORATION DAY," in the future, without regard to the color of the uniform worn, or the flag under which the heroic dead fell upon the field of battle. Already, the noble work has commenced, and North and South, in many marked instances, a disposition has been shown to make no distinction in soldiers' graves. Southern hands, with sincere tenderness, have strewn the fairest flowers upon the graves of Federal soldiers, while at the North, with equal sincerity and tenderness, that people have laid their most fragrant floral offerings upon the graves of

Confederate soldiers buried beneath their soil. With such a glorious prospect before us, how truly may we, of both armies and both sections, reverently and thankfully, take up the poet's glad and peaceful song :

"No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red ;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead !
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement day ;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

Seventh Regular Toast.—Our Battle Flag—Carried in triumph through every important engagement of the historic Army of Northern Virginia, it was never touched by the hand of an enemy. Responded to by Capt. A. A. Winn, who said :

Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Countrymen—I am not surprised at the enthusiasm with which you have received the toast so handsomely given by the last gallant commander of the regiment to the hallowed battle flag of the old Third Georgia.

To Southern eyes, the sight of that consecrated emblem is indeed enough "to stir a fever in the blood of age and make the infant's sinews strong as steel." It waves, to-day, in this bright atmosphere of peace as proudly and as stainless as when it was first given to the winds of Virginia amidst the storm of battle ; and I thank God that many of those who then followed it as it streamed, defiant, in the face of the foe, are permitted, to-day, again to rally beneath its glorious folds, and albeit around the festive board, to reform the veteran ranks shattered and broken by war's rude and repeated shocks.

We meet not as conspirators, at midnight, in dimly lighted halls, to talk and plot with bated breath ; but boldly, in the broad light of day, beneath the shades of our native groves, and under "the burning sky, 'neath which our infant feet have trod ;" and we speak in tones whose echoes are not confined by walls and flung back by bolted doors. We stand beneath this flag, not merely to "fight our battles o'er again," but to renew and rekindle the warm associations of the past, and to unite more firmly and more closely, if possible, Southern men in their devotion to Southern chivalry and to Southern interests.

Pardon me for reminding you that the war determined no principle and settled no issue. It was not a war for

principle. Its result, after a four years' bloody struggle, demonstrated only one fact, namely, that 600,000 so-called "rebels," however intrepid, brave and self-sacrificing, could not whip in the open field 2,000,000 of white men, well armed and equipped, and drilled in the science of modern warfare. This was all. The flag we followed during these four years represented then, as it typifies now, the principles of free government for which our sires of '76 fought, and which Jefferson in so masterly a manner embodied in the old Constitution. This flag, then, was unfurled to rescue those principles, and it remains, to-day, as the glorified evidence of the fearless devotion of the sons of those sires to the true and imperishable principles of American liberty. We were *not* rebels in the war, but the enemy were usurpers, and their course since the war demonstrates the truth of this assertion. I say this plainly, and I mean what I say; and this faded and tattered flag was not the standard of a rebellion, but was and is, to-day, the only emblem of free institutions on this Continent.

In this light we may well gaze upon it with pride and joy; we may well gladly gather in the light of its undimmed radiance; we may well cherish it while life remains to us, and dying bequeath it to our children and our children's children, for them to honor it, to revere it, to defend it, if it so befalls in all the years of the future.

Crowding memories cluster around its sacred cross. It has participated in the victories and shared the glories of our people; and in the hour of final defeat, it drooped upon its staff unconquered, but unresisting, while many an eye that never quailed with fear where death shots were "falling thick and fast as lighting from a summer cloud," became too dim to watch it more, and lost the last sight of it in the mists of trickling tears. It has indeed been borne in triumph from Malvern Hill to Appomattox, and has never been desecrated by the hand of an enemy. How well, how faithfully and how valiantly the men of the Third Georgia guarded it, this splendid record shows. At Hatcher's Run, it was held aloft by the gallant Barnwell, from whose grasp it fell only when part of his arm was shot away; at the explosion of the mine at Petersburg, with springing step and bold advance, it led the charge which hurled back the invaders and piled them in one red burial blent in that dreadful crater, sustained by the hands of the intrepid Dennis Ryan, foremost among the bravest, until in the very moment of victory the heroic ensign was struck by a fatal shot, and died with his flag in his grasp and the shout of triumph upon his lips; no less

fearlessly was it carried by others, and hundreds of gallant men of the Third Georgia, who to-day we may imagine as gathered above us here as a cloud of witnesses to these scenes, sealed their devotion to it upon countless battle fields and bathed its folds in their life's best blood.

As to these heroic comrades it was the emblem of honor, the the ensign of a lofty patriotism and the flashing guide to valor's wreaths and glory's laurel's; to us, comrades, let its cross still be the cross of our faith, and its stars be ever the stars of our hope.

Each of these fitting responses was greeted with hearty applause. At this moment a suggestion was made to repair to the platform, and in accordance with it the veterans and their friends resumed the seats they had hitherto occupied in front of and on the stand. In response to calls, a number of brief speeches were delivered. Among these were the happy and felicitous remarks of Maj. Jos. B. Cummings, of Augusta, and the pleasant addresses of Gen. Thomas, Col. William Gibson, of the Forty-eighth Georgia, who served in the same brigade with the Third, and of Col. David E. Butler.

Sergt. C. B. Barrow, of the Home Guards, was vociferously called out, and delivered the following brilliant and eloquent off hand speech, that touched and thrilled every heart within the sound of his impassioned voice :

IMPROPTU REMARKS

Of Sergeant C. B. Barrow, 1st Sergeant of Company D.

Fellow Soldiers, Ladies and Gentlemen—On an occasion where so many great orators are present more competent to do honor to this long to be remembered Reunion of the fragments of one of Georgia's most gallant regiments, I had hoped to be permitted to enjoy the pleasure of a retired listener. But I have been summoned to the front by voices familiar to me in the hour of danger and battle, and though destitute of the armor offensive and defensive with which to do successful battle, while that flag hangs conspicuous in my presence, I cannot turn my back upon her.

But what can I say that has not already been better said, of things fitting to be said on this occasion? What field can I explore from which select contributions have not

already been brought in richest profusion? Our gallant dead have been honored with choicest flowers from the fertile field of memory, and requiems of praise have been sung for them, by tongues on this side and tongues on that side of the fiery line which but recently divided in fratricidal fray, the gallant and brave of the two sections of the country of Washington.

All honor to our immortal dead! Their fame at least, is secure. They have passed beyond the ordeal of earthly reproach, and now repose, high up, in the uninvaded realms of patriotic glory, where thievish detraction dare not intrude, and the proffered hand of corruption never drags down.

To the gallant officers who directed our movements, marked out the lines to be formed or held, and pointed to the bulwarks to be stormed, a just share of this day's encomiums has already been appropriated. Monuments of stone and brass will greet the eyes of future antiquarians, monuments in language will descend to the latest legatees of our mother tongue, and mementoes of affection will spring up from the decaying roots of the tree of history, wherever liberty shall be enjoyed or hoped for, to perpetuate the names of our hero leaders, whose deeds have been so conspicuously and ably presented to us to-day.

While, then, I yield to none in my admiration of the skillful and brave officers whose manly voices sustained our courage in the hour of danger, mingled with our shouts in the moments of victory, and at last comforted our despairing souls with outspoken sentiments of conscious rectitude, when defeat came down like a night of horrors upon our weary and decimated ranks, I will not detract from the much which has already been so ably said.

My esteemed friend who has just preceeded me eschewed the name of *rebel* by which our opponents sought to degrade us. As an humble representative of the rank and file of the Confederate army, I beseech you, sir, let us not eschew our name. It is the last, and only remaining vestige of right and dignity which their magnanimity has accorded to us. Let us cherish it rather as a reminiscence of the kind from which we sprung. Washington was a rebel; Jefferson was a rebel; Patrick Henry was a rebel. I will not reject justice though hurled as a javelin upon me by the hand of an enemy; I shrink not from the odium of that term. It was honorable once in this country when men loved liberty and scorned robbery; it will be honorable again when the wave of fanaticism which has swept in ruin over us, shall have spent its fury, and the agents who put it in

motion shall begin to realize the terror of its recoil. Sensible men at the other end of this republic are already warning the suffering masses that every action must in the nature of things have its reaction.

I was a rebel, I am a rebel to-day, I expect to live one, and by the grace of the Eternal, I expect to die one. Not a rebel against constitutional law or government, not a rebel against the right of my neighbors, be they near or distant, high or low, white or black, Northern or Southern; but I am a rebel against persistent wrong, rapine and robbery, and with all the powers with which I am endowed, I am resolved to be a rebel.

Old flag! could I reopen the eyes that once gazed in patriotic admiration upon your folds, could I restring into action the muscles that once moved in unison in your defence, could I again hear the manly tread of those long lines of heroes who fell that you might still wave over liberty's domain, could I again view the impending ruin of my section of this once glorious Republic as I did in 1861 in prospect, and as I now see it in retrospect, with my most serious apprehensions more than realized—noble emblem of my country's former pride and hope! I would again be ready to march and strike in your defence. Emblem of our hopeful ambition in former days! I remember well the day when your beautiful folds first fluttered to the breeze and opened in full beauty to the light of heaven. A present from the fair ladies of Portsmouth, thou wast then beautiful as they, unsullied by a single stain, unscarred by a single rent, pure and fair and lovely thing! But oh, how changed to-day—rent by a thousand tatters, pierced by innumerable missiles of death, hurled upon your defenders, your former brightness soiled by the dust and rains of a thousand toilsome marches, and dimmed and darkened by the sulphurous smoke and dismal conglomerations of the terrible battle clouds through which you have passed. Ideal of the soldier's pride! I love thee still. How strikingly you remind me of my country's history. When you were first presented to us by those fair hands, our country was beautiful, prosperous, hopeful, progressive, opulent, independent and happy.—Now it is blasted, stagnated, retrograding, empoverished, dependent and miserable. How striking the resemblance; as you were then, so was our country; as you are now, so is she—a blasted, despoiled and ruined thing: but, still like you, beloved and cherished—despoiled of beauty, yet beautiful in ruins.

But I dwell too long upon this theme. I have been beguiled by the impulse of sentiment from the only topic with which it seemed proper to tax your patience and attention farther. As a humble representative of the common soldier, coming from the ranks, it is but natural that I should ask a place in the hearts and memory of our people for Private Smith. He had no stars on his collar, no stripes on his coat; but he had strength in his arm, and courage in his bosom, and a heart to do battle for his country at the cost of his blood. He was found upon the skirmish field when the gathering clouds of battle reverberated the first muttering thunder of the coming conflict. When cloud met cloud and thunder met thunder, conspicuous in the blaze of his own lightning, he gorged his piece with another fiery charge. When columns rolled upon columns, like opposing waves upon some defiant rock, his radiant form was apparent in the sheet lightning which blazed along the line. Forced by numbers to retire, he lingered with the rear guard to dispute with the vandal foe each inch of ground.

I have selected Private Smith as my exemplar on this occasion because he is descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors. His name is derived from the old Saxon word "*Smiden*," to smite, who is the proud ancestor of all the smiters in the Confederate army. Though our cause was lost the country owes a debt of gratitude to the whole army of smiters, whether they smote with musket or cannon, with sword, pike or javelin. High or low, living or dead, rich or poor, let the name of my Smith have a place in your memories. Redeem your promises to him when he left his home without hope of reward or fame, to peril his life for yours and his. Hunt up his widow and orphans if they are among you, and educate them in the stern virtues of their fathers. We shall need them again. Though hostilities have ceased, the war of liberty against despotism is eternal.

Carnal weapons have been laid down for a season, but if you still covet the boon of freedom bequeathed by our fathers, you must resume the fight on the battle fields of intellect. Our lost fortunes are to be reclaimed, our burnt cities must be rebuilt, our desolated country must be repaired and made again to blossom as the rose.

I am reminded from the rear that I must return thanks to the citizens of Union Point, for their hospitality on this occasion, and to the ladies for their presence, aid and smiles.

To the citizens I must say, your bountiful hospitality as a community commands our admiration and gratitude. You have contributed more to our comfort than we could have asked or had any reason to expect. In returning thanks to all, I am requested to return special acknowledgment of gratitude to your noble representative and exponent of Union Point hospitality, Col. James B. Hart. I have always coveted a friend of heart, I despise to deal with a man of no heart, but feel happy in congratulating the people of Union Point in having found a citizen of all Hart, to head them in their enterprises of liberality.

To the ladies, I must express a thousand thanks for your presence, and unsparing contribution to the happiness of this occasion. From the days of Adam to the present it has never been well for man to be alone. Many of the bachelors had a great aversion to be taken prisoners during the war, but any of them who may be captured on this occasion will get good wives, and good housekeepers, and best of all for some of you, something good to eat.

Finally, allow me to say, as this is my old stamping ground, that the young ladies who have honored us with their presence on this occasion, are to a near sighted man fully as good looking as their mothers whom he used to court twenty years ago.

By request the Secretary read aloud the subjoined letters of regret from Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Brig. Gen. G. M. Sorrel, who commanded the brigade of which the Third formed a part the last year of the war, Mr. Jno. D. Carter, of Savannah, who was a member of the Tenth Battalion, and after being wounded served with Gen. Sorrel's staff and surrendered with the brigade at Appomattox, and from Mr. Rollin A. Stanley, of Company F of the Regiment, together with that of Dr. Kilby, elsewhere inserted:

LIBERTY HALL, CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ga.,
31st July, 1874.

CAPT. D. N. SANDERS, Union Point, Ga.—

My Dear Sir.—Your telegram of last night was duly received, but I deeply regret to say that I cannot be with you to-day; the condition of my health forbids the undertaking.

Hoping that you all may have a pleasant time in your reunion, and with best wishes for all the "Old Third" assembled, singly and collectively, and with an earnest desire for the welfare and prosperity of all the people of our good old beloved Commonwealth of Georgia, as well as for the peace, harmony and prosperity of the people of all the States of the Union, I remain,

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

SAVANNAH, JULY 29, 1874.

Col. CLAIBORNE SNEAD,

Union Point, Ga.

My Dear Colonel:—I must say to you, and through you to the survivors of the Third Georgia Regiment, how much I regret my inability to be present at their reunion at Union Point. It would be a great happiness to meet the survivors of that famous and historic regiment, whose services on almost every field in Virginia have contributed to our Confederate renown.

My own connection with the brigade, of which it formed so conspicuous a part, was unfortunately brief, but long enough to endear it to me by its splendid soldierly qualities, and by the trusting confidence exhibited to a brigade commander, young and comparatively a stranger. I think of those trying days with gratitude to the men and pride in their achievements, and I wish I could avail myself of the opportunity to say this to them personally.

The reunion of the survivors is a happy thought, and it is gratifying to know that it has been so successfully carried out to its fulfillment. I believe the occasion will be productive of great and lasting good in keeping alive the manly feelings of fellowship in devotion and danger, and, above all, in honoring with a breathing, living love and pride the dead of the old regiment; the glorious dead, whose names, from the heroic Wright to the humblest soldier, should live, indelibly stamped on our hearts.

I trust that this initiative of your former command may soon be followed by the other regiments and battalions:

the Twenty-second, the Forty-eighth, the Sixty-fourth, the Second Battalion, the Tenth Battalion—Georgians and comrades all, that Wright led at Chickahominy, Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.

To yourself, Colonel, yours should be no common pride. The surviving colonel of the Third Georgia Regiment, yours it is to revive its memories and guard its fame.

Permit me to say, with the survivors whom you are to meet, that this trust is safely placed.

Again, and deeply regretting my absense on this most interesting occasion, I am, Colonel, with great respect,

Yours truly and faithfully,

G. M. SORREL.

SAVANNAH, July 29, 1874.

TO THE VETERANS OF THE THIRD GEORGIA,

Union Point, Ga.

Friends and Countrymen.—I cannot express how deep is my regret that at the last moment I find I am unable to accept the generous invitation to be with you on the glorious occasion of your first reunion and reforming of the ranks after that memorable parting nine years ago at Appomattox, which I witnessed with my own eyes.

It affords me pleasure, however, to offer my friend, Capt. A. A. Winn, as a substitute—a better one, by the way, than many that were put in service during the war. I think the examining board of surgeons will find him sufficiently healthy, and even large enough to do the double duty imposed.

I send you this toast :

THE FALLEN HEROES OF SORREL'S BRIGADE:

“On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of Our Dead.”

With heartfelt greetings for all the veteran boys of the ever gallant Old Third, believe me proud to subscribe myself

Your Fellow “Reb.,”

JNO. D. CARTER.

DUBLIN, GA., July 29th, 1874.

TO THE THIRD GEORGIA REGIMENT,

Union Point, Ga.

Dear Comrades—It being impossible to be with you in your reunion on the 30th, I cannot let the opportunity pass of mingling my *love* and *affection* for the “*old Third*” on that occasion with yours.

I have embalmed its toils, its hardships, its self-hood, its manhood, its valor, and its unfailing glory in my heart; and with sacred duty, around my fire side, *I tell it all*, and teach my little ones to tell it around *their's*, that its history may live longer than the *brass* and the *new marble* of our conquerors.

When I think of our battle-scarred, the “armless sleeves,”—of our limping ones,—of our *dead*. truly my heart is wrung afresh with deepest sorrow—but then rushes up the *valor*, and with it its sheen of glory, rising heavenward, and then I feel *theirs* is “Fame’s eternal camping ground.”

Though many of us cannot be in this Reunion—may stray away from each other and forget and be forgotten—let us always remember the widows and the orphans of our fallen braves, and ever extend to them our warmest sympathies and kindly aid.

Remember me in your greetings to-day, and whether we have another reunion on earth, as we fight in the “battle of life” spread out before us, let us *all* remember the *Great Reunion* “beyond the sunset’s radiant glow,” and be ready for the *crown* of the “*finally faithful*.”

I am, dear comrades, with much esteem,

Yours forever,

ROLLIN A. STANLEY,

Co. F, 3d Georgia Regiment.

Subsequent to the reading of these letters, the following resolution of thanks to the citizens of Union Point and Greene County, for their unbounded hospitality, was offered by Capt. John S. Reid, and was unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That the citizens of Union Point, and vicinity, have our sincere thanks for their generous hospitality; and that we will ever hold them in grateful remembrance for the many kindnesses which they have extended to us at this our first reunion.

On motion, the veterans adjourned their meeting, subject to the call of the president.

The inspiring music of Gardner's Band called the veterans and their friends to the dance, which, with pleasant conversation, in a measure dispelled the sadness of the leave-taking that was at hand. The afternoon thus delightfully ended, and a moonlight hop detained the pleasant party until the night was far on the wane. Not a few of the veterans remained over until next morning, some again occupying their soldier-quarters in the floral hall of the Fair Grounds.

When even the last one of these who lingered to the very last hour of the happy occasion had turned away from the scene of those two days' rare joy and pleasure, his heart re-echoed the parting sigh which had come from every heart as the farewells were said, that the long to be cherished Reunion had reached its

FINIS.

CIRCULAR

To the Veterans of the Third Georgia Regiment.

Comrades:

Under instructions from Col. Claiborne Snead, President of the Veterans of the Third Georgia and commanding the Regiment, I have the honor to request each Company to select a delegate of one to meet Col. Snead and other delegates from the command, at the Brown House, in Macon, Ga., on Thursday, the 18th of March, instant, at the hour of 10 A. M. of the day—the purpose of this meeting of delegates to be to consider the subject of our next Reunion.

It is hoped every Company will be represented.

Very Respectfully,


A. A. WINN,


Secretary.

Savannah, Ga., March 1st. 1875.

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